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Embellished with,

I. *A beautiful Engraving of* SORCERER, *the property of Sir* T. C. BUNBURY.
II. *The* FOX *and the* PHEASANTS—*an Etching.*

SORCERER.

THE very elegant portrait of Sorcerer, the most successful and celebrated stallion of the present time, which we this month present to our readers, was engraved by Scott, from a drawing by Cooper, of Bury St. Edmunds. Mr. Cooper's painting is deemed a very correct and spirited likeness, by those who knew the horse, and also, by professional judges, a performance of considerable merit. Of Mr. Scott's merits in his profession, the world needs no reminding.

The black horse Sorcerer, sire of Thunderbolt and Smolensko, is sixteen hands one inch high, and of great powers; he was bred by Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. at Great Barton, in Suffolk, and foaled in 1796. He was a horse of superior speed, of good temper, a good feeder, and stood his work well. His stock generally resemble him in those desirable qualities, and appear to have a majority among the winners of the day. His pedigree is as follows:

He was got by Trumpator, out of Young Giantess; Trumpator was got by Conductor, full brother to Dictator, Alfred, &c. out of Brunette, by Squirrel; Conductor was got by Match'em, dam by Old Snap; Match'em, by Old Cade, one of the highest bred sons of the Godolphin Arabian, out of

a Partner Mare. Young Giantess, the dam also of Eleanor, was got by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, grandson of King Herod, through Florizel, out of Giantess, a grand-daughter of Babram, son of the Godolphin Arabian. Thus is centred in Sorcerer, the best blood of the Byerley Turk, Darley and Godolphin Arabians, of Basto, Childers, Partner, Cade, Match'em, Snap, Herod, Squirrel, and most of our highest formed racers. He, and the rest of Trumpator's stock, have doubtless, obtained their characteristic speed from the Squirrel mare Brunette, the dam of Trumpator; and Sorcerer's great size and substance, may have been originally derived from Babram, sire of the dam of Giantess. It is most remarkable, that from the above stallions, Babram and Squirrel, have generally descended to their remotest progeny their prominent qualities, size and substance from the one, and speed from the other. It is also further remarkable, that Trumpator's and Sorcerer's stock generally retain their original black colour, derived from the Byerley Turk, through Basto, Gypsey, Cole's Foxhunter, Old Snap, &c. notwithstanding the intermixture of so many bay and other light colours, in such a succession of generations.*

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster.

5 to 1 agst Altisidora.
10 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoigne's colt, out of Grimaldi's dam.
12 to 1 agst Prime Minister.
15 to 1 agst Hocuspocus.
15 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's colt.
100 to 5 agst Tiger.
100 to 5 agst Mr. Garforth's colt.
100 to 5 agst Mr. Watt's Tramp.
100 to 5 agst Sweet-Willy-O!

RACES APPOINTED IN 1813.

STAMFORD	*July* 6
Ipswich	6
Bath	7
Ludlow	8
Newmarket	12
Preston	13
Lamberton	13
Totness	14
Cardiff, Glamorganshire	14
Stockbridge	15
Bridgnorth	15
Irvine	20
Knighton	20
Salisbury	21
Broxash	22
Knutsford	27
Beccles	27
Chelmsford	27
Exeter	28
Swansea	28
Brighton	29
Oxford	*August* 3
Newcastle, Staffordshire	3
Huntingdon	3
Nottingham	10
Worcester	10
Blandford	10
York	23
Egham	24
Derby	24
Bodmin	24
Warwick	*Sept.* 7
Burderop	7
Lichfield	14
Northampton	15
Kingscote	21
Leicester	22
Lincoln	22

* See an account of Sorcerer's performances and produce, vol. xxxiv. page 170.

Doncaster

Doncaster .... *Sept.* 27
Chippenham 28
Walsall 29

ON THE METHOD OF FEEDING GAME COCKS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF any of your numerous readers are acquainted with a good system of feeding cocks previous to fighting, and are willing to communicate it to the public, it will be thankfully received through the medium of your valuable Magazine, by

A CONSTANT READER.

June 20, 1813.

TURF GOSSIPIANA.

EPSOM, SMOLENSKO, AND, SO FORTH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

HOW wonderfully liberal to Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Editor, have been those authentic and well informed wights, our newspaper writers, at the last Epsom Meeting—they were determined, it should seem, not be behind with Fortune, in generosity, who had given the Honourable Baronet a colt to win him three great stakes in about as many weeks. Between four and five thousand pounds, the produce of the stakes, and, probably, the addition of a handsome balance, on the right side of the betting account, *befitting the moderation of the most prudent of betters*, were nothing in the magnificent imaginations of these gentlemen scribes, some of whom were determined, said or done, that Sir Charles had actually won, upon the Derby Stakes and the Plates at Epsom, FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS!!!—all agreed his winning could not amount to less than twenty thousand, which said last sum, many were credibly informed, he won of three Noble Dukes! Thus much for one side of the question; and so much for the other—

According to the best information to be obtained, both before and behind the curtain, Sir Charles Bunbury won his money, both at Newmarket and Epsom, in the safest way, by neglecting no opportunity of a good hedge. He was successful in taking five and six to one three times over, on Smolensko winning the Derby Stakes. He did not bet a guinea upon the Plates. As to the great sums he won of the Noble Dukes, they will not take long to calculate, for our Noble Dukes, in these days of glorious war and taxation, content themselves most discreetly with betting ten pounds. Indeed, there was not money enough stirring at these races, to have enabled Sir Charles Bunbury, had he been so disposed, to have opened a betting account sufficiently extensive to produce his alledged winnings. Moreover, it is well known, that he was minus to the amount of between two and three thousand pounds, by the exit of the unfortunate and imprudent gentleman, who judged it seasonable to step aside; and it may be well apprehended, this untoward circumstance has left no very considerable surplus on the favourable side of the betting account in question. Sir Charles, however, has made a most flattering commencement of the present campaign. The acquisition

tion of such a racer as Smolensko, is in itself a great stroke of good fortune. The brother of this colt, Thunderbolt, might have been sold at three years old, for two thousand guineas. Five thousand, it is said, were offered for Smolensko before he went to Epsom, and four thousand have been refused since. —I am, Mr. Editor, your old friend,

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

ANTIQUITY OF CHESTER RACES.

A Standard was the prize of emulation on the Rood Eye,* (which was won in 1578, by Sheriff Montford, on Shrove Tuesday). But in the year 1609, the amusements took a new form, and the youthful Chevaliers began that species of horsemanship, which the romantic philosopher, Lord Herbert, thought unworthy of a man of honour—"For," says he, "the exercise I do not approve is the running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind."

The first prizes we hear of, after the suppression of the triumph, were a bell and a bowl, to be run for on St. George's Day, which were provided in 1609, by Mr. Robert Amery, formerly Sheriff of the City, and were brought down to the Rood Eye, with great solemnity. This seems to have been the origin of the Plate given by the City, and annually run on the same day to the present time.

A bell was a common prize; a little golden bell was the reward of victory in 1607, at the races near York, whence came the proverb, for success of any kind, "*to bear the bell.*"

LOSE NO TIME.

A New Drama, brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre.

A New Dramatic piece, of three acts, was performed, for the first time, at this Theatre, on Friday, June 11, called *Lose no Time.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Delmont	Mr. Dowton.
John	Mr. De Camp.
Albany	Mr. Wallack.
Joey	Mr. Knight.
Gorgon	Mr. Oxberry.
Ravage	Mr. Penley.
Melborough	Mr. Wrench.
Bailiff	Mr. Chatterley.
Emily	Mrs Edwin.
Niece	Miss Bew.
Miss Pathos	Mrs. Sparks.

The plot of this little *carpe diem* piece is as follows:

Two lovers, Melborough and Albany, are the presumed woers of Emily, the daughter of Mr. Delmont, who is resolved to bestow her hand upon the first proper lover who arrives, and the business of this sprightly drama arises out of the stratagems, which each of these inamoratos contrives, to outwit the other. John appears as a kind of *valet de place* to each, and is trickster enough to be commonly bribed to over-reach each of his masters. In the first act the parties are at an hotel, where a Miss Pathos is introduced as an anti-

* The Rood Eye, or the River Dee, after quitting the contracted pass at the bridge, washes, on the right, a fine and extensive meadow, long since protected from its ravages by a lofty dyke, where the races are held.

quated

quated virgin, up to the ears in love, and steeped in folly. With the feelings of this wrinkled female, Melborough is made to disport, in wantonness, though there is no adequate apology for the practice, as she is brought upon the scene merely to be laughed at, and is then suddenly discarded by the author, without a sentiment of pity for her condition. The second act passes at the house of Mr. Ravage, where the rivals affect to sleep, while their valet tricks them both; at length Albany escapes, and Melborough pays his court to the niece of Ravage, who is betrothed to Gorgon. In the third act we are introduced to Mr. Delmont and his daughter Emily, between whom there is a heavy dialogue about the duties of a daughter and the due appropriation of passion, when the old gentleman receives a letter, to inform him that he is on the eve of being imposed upon. At this period Albany arrives, with John, and they are both taken into custody by the servants, but eventually released, when Miss Emily declares herself in favour of Albany, and the old gentleman ratifies her predilection.

The author of this lively *bagatelle*, evidently aimed at little more than a pleasant Drama, which might divert the fancy without offending any principle of practical morality, and in this Mr. Skeffington has happily succeeded.

The Piece, after a variety of humorous incidents, thus concludes:

None can deny, though other points be brav'd,
The *best economy* is time well sav'd;
Then votaries of wit, of fame, of wealth,
Maintain such treasure from an idler's stealth,
With love, inaction is a signal crime,
For lovers (if *true* lovers)—lose no time.

The piece has been several times repeated with much approbation.

COCKING.

NEWTON.

IN the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Potter, feeder) and Richard Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—The following is a statement:

Potter.	M.	B.
Tuesday	2	1
Wednesday	4	1
Thursday	7	0
Friday	3	0
Saturday	4	0
	20	2

Gilliver.	M.	B.
Tuesday	4	1
Wednesday	3	0
Thursday	0	1
Friday	4	1
Saturday	3	2
	14	5

MANCHESTER.

During the Races, a main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Lancashire and Nottinghamshire, for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—Harrison, feeder for Nottinghamshire; and Gosling for Lancashire.

Harrison.	M.	B.
Tuesday	8	3
Wednesday	3	1
Thursday	4	2
Friday	5	0
Saturday	7	0
	27	6

Gosling.

Gosling.	M.	B.
Tuesday	4	1
Wednesday	3	1
Thursday	2	0
Friday	1	2
Saturday	5	3
	15	7

ON SPORTING AND SPORTSMEN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the spirit in which the following remarks are written, may not be very congenial to the usual contents of your pages, yet, as you no doubt profess the principle of *audi alteram partem*, I trust they will not be denied an early insertion.—I am, Sir, your's, &c. Z.

June 2.

In our country, where every improvement in life is carried to an exalted height, the instinct of the hunter is certainly not destroyed by the new propensities which are superinduced in a state of civilization. There is scarcely an individual of those who are not refined to a very uncommon degree, who delights not in the sports of the field. The rich must not flatter themselves with an idea that their taste is peculiar to themselves; for there really is no taste more prevalent among the lowest orders, than the taste for destroying noxious animals, protected by the legislature for the amusement of the wealthy. The mechanic leaves without remorse the employment which is to support himself and family, to follow the 'Squire in the chase of a fox, and would rather shoot a pheasant or insnare a trout, than earn a guinea. The glee with which he recounts the adventures of the pursuit, proves it to be a pleasure congenial to his heart.

A wise politician, who did not wish to monopolise the delights of the chase, would encourage that natural propensity among the vagabond and the unemployed. For, besides its utility in the destruction of vermin, it tends to infuse a spirit, a hardiness, and a subtility, well suited to qualify such persons for the dangers and the hardships, the contrivances and the stratagems, of a naval and military life. A man who is excluded from more liberal employments by the lowness of his station, may render himself a useful member of society by catching moles and hares, rats and foxes.

But it is really no less ridiculous than lamentable, that the heir to an estate, the man of education, should forego the honours and pleasures of social, civil, and literary exertions, merely to enjoy the delight of joining a pack of hounds in the destruction of an helpless animal. Yet, the truth is, this instinct, as I venture to call it, operates with great violence among those whose opportunities for improvement might enable them to subdue every less laudable relic of savage humanity.

The nobles of our land, whose example might have a salutary influence in disseminating every useful quality, are sometimes destitute of all ideas of excellence beyond the sphere of a stable or a kennel. They, indeed, indulge their propensities of this kind without controul. The laws are on their

their side; and the poor man is prevented from destroying the animals that fatten on his substance. The game-laws are, however, confessed by those who enact them, to be a disgrace upon an enlightened age. At the same time that they infringe upon liberty, they argue a very considerable degree of barbarism.

The love of rural sports, with all their appendages of horses, dogs, huntsmen, &c. is at present carried so far, that the gentleman by birth, labours to lower himself to the rank of a huntsman, and even dresses himself in the garb of a groom. It would not, in the present day, be surprising, to meet a privy-counsellor in the exterior of a whipper-in. He who assumes all the externals of low life, will soon exhibit proofs of internal abasement. If the peer condescends to spend his days in the stable, and to dress like his groom, he will soon differ from him in those circumstances alone, which render his degeneracy more conspicuous and detestable. It will not be thought calumny to assert, that our own times have exhibited some melancholy examples of this disgraceful humiliation.

A taste for the pleasures of the race, is, indeed, justified by the example of a most refined people. But the Greeks, it is imagined, did not adopt it as affording an opportunity for gaming. In our age and nation, it is warmly patronized by the illustrious and noble, not from liberal, but mean views; and it is frequented by those infernal wretches, whose profession it is to take advantage of their superior's folly. And these, by a strange event, are admitted to familiarity with the great, whose wealth they pillage, and whose principles they corrupt. The stand or gallery at a horse-race, has been very justly compared to a Pandemonium.

Rural sports also, when not pursued with an intention greater than their importance will admit, nor as the business of life afford, are a healthy and a manly relaxation. But when all the circumstances which relate to them are considered with a seriousness, and pursued with an ardour, which momentous business only can justify, the moralist cannot help lamenting that so much industry is misplaced. When they lead the rich and liberal into company and occupations which degrade their dignity, he cannot but express an indignant sentiment. He sees with regret, at a time when national virtue is particularly required, some of those who have most influence in a nation, totally engaged with dogs, horses, and grooms.

To value a noble animal for its use, to admire it for its beauty and swiftness, to love it for its generous alacrity in the service of man, is natural and reasonable. It is, indeed, the mark of an amiable disposition, to observe and be pleased with the manners and actions of the poor animals, whom nature has subjected to our command.—If fidelity and generosity are lovely qualities, the dog and the horse have a peculiar claim to a share of affection. But they who circumscribe their ideas within the verge of a stable, who prefer the company of their irrational animals to the society of a fellow creature, seem to be in danger of gradually assimilating with the nature of their beasts, and of acquiring a degree of brutal ferocity.

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1813.

THURSDAY.——Lord Jersey's Anthonio, 8st. 10lb. agst Mr. Craven's Pentagon, 7st. 3lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY.—Duke of Grafton's Wilful, agst Mr. Neville's Ridicule, 8st. each, D. M. 100gs.

Mr. Udny's Emily, 8st. agst Mr. Craven's Pentagon, 7st. 9lb. Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.

WEDNESDAY.—Mr. Udny's Truffle, 8st. 8lb. agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, 7st. 13lb. Ab. M. 300gs. h. ft.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY.—Lord Foley's Benedick, 8st. 9lb. agst Sir C. Bunbury's Smolensko, 8st. T. M. M. 200gs. h. ft.

TUESDAY.—Mr. Shakespear's Hydaspes, 8st. 7lb. against Mr. Thornhill's Historia, 6st. 7lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY.—Lord Darlington's Cwrw, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Shakespear's Hydaspes, 8st. Ab. Mile, 200gs.

Mr. Lake's Pointers, 8st. 6lb. agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's Cat, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 200gs.

THURSDAY.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, agst Lord Darlington's Cwrw, 8st. 4lb. each, Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1814.

WEDNESDAY.—The Port Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—The owner of the second to withdraw his Stake.

Mr. Kellermann's b. c. Alcohol, Brother to Juniper.

Mr. Blake's b. f. Vale-Royal, by Walton.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Muley, by Orville, out of Eleanor.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. Phosphor, by Meteor.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Vulpecula, by Waxy.

Mr. Udny's ch. f. Emily, by Stamford.

Mr. Glover's ch. c. Scapewell, by Haphazard.

Mr. Andrew's b. c. The Corporal, by Orville.

Lord Foley's ch. c. Macedonian, by Alexander the Great.

Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Solyman, by Selim.

SATURDAY.— Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's Sister to Handel, 8st. 6lb.

Lord C. H. Somerset's Amanda, by Selim, out of Spinetta, 8st. 4lb.

Sir J. Shelley's filly, by Eagle, dam by Gohanna, out of Bustard's dam, 8st. 4lb.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1816.

MONDAY.—Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Asparagus, out of Virtuosa, 8st. 4lb. agst Mr. Story's f. by Sir David, out of Stamfordia, 8st. 1lb. Ab. M. 100gs. h. ft.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1816

TUESDAY.—Sir G. Webster's f. by Remembrancer, dam by Overton or Mary, agst Mr. Crockford's filly, by Walton, out of a Sister to Remembrancer, 8st. each, A. F. 200gs.

THOUGHTS

For the Sporting Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON SUPERIOR UNDERSTANDING, AS NOT CONFERRING SUPERIOR HAPPINESS.

IT is very evident that those who devote most of their time to the exercises of the understanding, are far from being the happiest men. They enjoy, indeed, the pleasure arising from the pursuit and discovering of truth: perhaps, too, the vanity arising from a consciousness of talents, makes no inconsiderable part of their happiness. But there are many natural sources of pleasure, from which they are in a great measure cut off.—All the public and social affections, in common with every taste natural to the human mind, if they are not properly exercised, grow languid. People, who devote most of their time to the cultivation of their understanding, must, of course, live retired and abstracted from the world. The social affections (these great sources of happiness), have therefore no play; and consequently lose their natural warmth and vigour. The private and selfish affections, however, are not proportionably reduced. Envy and jealousy, the most tormenting of all passions, prevail remarkably among this rank of men.

When abstraction from company is carried far, it occasions great ignorance of life and manners, and necessarily deprives a man of all those little accomplishments and graces, which are essential to polished and elegant society, and which can only be acquired by mixing with the world. The want of these is often an insuperable bar to the advancement of persons of merit; and proves, therefore, a frequent source of their disgust to the world, and consequently to themselves; for no man can be happy in himself, who thinks ill of every one around him. The general complaint of the neglect of merit, does not seem to be well founded.—It is unreasonable for any man, who lives detached from society, to complain that his merit is neglected, when he never has made it known. The natural reward of mere genius, is the esteem of those who know and are judges of it. This reward is never withheld. There is a like unreasonable complaint, that little regard is commonly paid to good qualities of the heart. But it should be considered, that the world cannot see into the heart, and can therefore only judge of its goodness by visible effects. There is a natural and proper expression of good affections, which ought always to accompany them, and in which true politeness principally consists. This expression may be counterfeited, and so may obtain the reward due to genuine virtue; but, where this natural index of a worthy character is wanting, or where there is an outward expression of bad dispositions, the world cannot be blamed for judging from such appearances.

Bad health is another common attendant on great parts; when these parts are exerted, as is usually the case, rather in a speculative, than active life. It is observed, that great quickness and vivacity of genius, is commonly attended with a remarkable delicacy of constitution, and a peculiar sensibility of the nervous system, and that those who possess it, seldom arrive at old age. A sedentary, studious life, greatly increases this natural weakness of constitution,

tion, and brings on that train of complaints and low spirits, which render life a burden to the possessor, and useless to the public. Nothing can effectually prevent this but activity, regular exercise, and frequent relaxations of the mind from those keen pursuits it is usually engaged in. Too assiduous an exertion of the mind, on any particular subject, not only ruins the health, but impairs the genius itself; whereas, if the mind be properly unbent by amusements, it always returns to its favourite object with double vigour.

My friend, the Editor of a collection of Songs on the Sports of the Field, has very appropriately chosen for his motto, the following verse:—

"From the Sportsman, ye drones, you may learn how to live,
Exempted from pain and disease;
He'll shew that the fields and the meadows will give
That health which you barter for ease."

But one of the principal misfortunes of a great understanding, when exerted in a speculative rather than active sphere, is its tendency to lead the mind into too deep a sense of its own weakness and limited capacity. It looks into nature with too piercing an eye, discovers every where difficulties never suspected by a common understanding, and finds its progress stopped by obstacles that appear insurmountable. This naturally produces a gloomy and forlorn scepticism, which poisons the chearfulness of the temper, and, by the hopeless prospect it gives of improvement, becomes the bane of science and activity. This sceptical spirit, when carried into life, renders men of the best understandings unfit for business. When they examine with the greatest accuracy all the possible consequences of a step they are to make in life, they discover so many difficulties and chances against them whichever way they go, that they become slow and fluctuating in their resolutions, and undetermined in their conduct. But, as the business of life is only a conjectural art, in which there is no guarding against all possible contingencies, a man that would be useful to the public or himself, must acquire a quickness in perceiving where the greatest probability of good lies, must be decisive in his resolutions, steady and fearless in putting them into execution. I shall mention, in the last place, among the inconveniences attending on superior parts, that solitude in which they place a person on whom they are bestowed, even in the midst of society.

To the few who are judges of his abilities, he is an object of jealousy and envy. The bulk of mankind consider him with that awe and distant regard, that is inconsistent with confidence and friendship. They will never unbosom themselves to one they are afraid of, nor lay open their weakness to one they think has none of his own. For this reason we commonly find men of genius have the greatest real affection and friendship for such as are very much their inferiors in point of understanding; good-natured, unobserving people, with whom they can indulge all their peculiarities and weaknesses without reserve.

Men of great abilities, therefore, who prefer the sweets of social life and private friendship to the vanity of being admired, must carefully conceal their superiority,

periority, and bring themselves down to the level of those they converse with. Neither must this seem to be the effect of a designed condescension; for this is still more mortifying to human pride than the other.

Thus I have endeavoured to point out the effects which the faculty of reason, that boasted characteristic and privilege of the human species, produces amongst those who possess it in the most eminent degree; and from the little influence it seems to have in promoting either public or private good, we are tempted to suspect, that Providence purposely blasts those great fruits we naturally expect from it, in order to preserve a certain balance and equality among mankind.

Certain it is, that virtue, genius, beauty, wealth, power, and every natural advantage one can be possessed of, are usually mixed with some alloy, which disappoints the fond hope of their raising the possessor to any uncommon degree of eminence, and even in some measure brings him down to the common level of his species.

Laleham. M. W.

FATAL BETTING.

AN inquisition was taken on Tuesday, the 8th instant, before A. Gell, Esq. at a public-house in Sackville-street, on the body of Roger Brograve, Esq. who shot himself with a duelling pistol, at his apartments in the above street, on Monday morning, the 7th.—On viewing the body, the deceased had the pistol grasped in his right hand, with his fore finger round the trigger, and the left hand was encircled round the barrel, and had no doubt guided it into the mouth, as the deceased was sitting in bed. The ball had lodged downwards in the back of the head.

Trilles, valet to the deceased, stated, that his master had appeared much dejected since the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, and that lowness had much increased since Epsom Races, the previous week. The deceased had informed witness, whilst leaving the course, after the Derby race, that he had lost an immense sum of money; he had since lost his appetite, and witness believed he had not slept since the Friday night. He was walking about his room the greater part of Saturday night, and at four in the morning he went up stairs to his servant's room, and asked for keys which he kept in his own pocket—a circumstance which never happened before. At half-past nine on Sunday evening he rang his bell, and asked witness the hour, and on the latter stating half-past nine, he replied, in a significant stare, "What! in the morning?" Witness considered him quite insane since Epsom Races, and in this he was corroborated.——Verdict—*Insanity*.

The deceased was a son of Sir Berney Brograve, and brother of the present Sir George Brograve. He had been Captain in the second dragoons, and for some years had sported heavy sums of money on the turf. He was amiable in manners and generous in disposition, and of competent, if not of splendid fortune. He was considerably *minus* at the last Newmarket Meeting, and he is known to have lost upwards of 8,000l. on the Derby race at Epsom, by backing the field against Smolensko. He was con-

considered on the turf a safe man, who *betted to his book*, which signifies, that he had his favourites without risking losing a stake.—He had, it seems, stated his situation to some of his creditors, as it was supposed, to solicit time, but whether he met rebuff or not is not known. Monday, the day of paying and receiving at Tattersall's was fast approaching, and the deceased had too elevated a notion of honour to sustain the shock of meeting the demands against him, without the means of discharging them.—His death has caused many disappointments in the sporting circles, similar to the effect which the failure of a great house has upon lesser ones, and it is difficult to ascertain where it will end.—At his decease, he had 4,000l. in the hands of his banker.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Condo et compono quæ mox depromere possim.

HOR.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Observe in your Magazine for April a query, by "A FRIEND TO SPORTING," relative to the distemper in dogs, and as I am far from thinking the answer of "J. H." in the May Number, satisfactory, I trust you will permit me to state what my experience has been in that disease.

And first of all, I must premise, that I mean enmity to no man, and much less to Mr. Blaine, to whom the Sporting World owes so much. But a medicine, which he may find of great use when the dogs are under his own eye, may often, and even always, fail in the hands of a stranger to its contents: and nevertheless, it does not follow, that when such a failure is stated, that an attack is intended on his professional character. I may, perhaps, not have understood his directions, but I am sure, if I made any mistake, I paid ample forfeit for my dullness, as my faith in his medicine made me persist in it till I lost almost every good dog I had. I then, though reluctantly, changed my system, and from that day I have never lost a dog in the distemper.—In the cases I have had, I proceeded thus:

When the husky cough and slimy discharge from the mouth and nose appeared, I gave the dog in the morning, two large teaspoonfuls of common salt in a ball of butter, and led him about till he vomited and cleared his stomach of slime. As soon as he was quiet, I gave the same quantity of flower of sulphur, and as much powder of antimony as I could lift at once on a sixpence. The greatest difficulty has always been to get the dog to eat; and singular as it may seem, I have found loaf bread crumbled into warm tea made with good cream, and rather sweet, the most grateful food I could give a dog in the distemper. Indeed, I have hardly ever seen a sick dog refuse to eat a little of this, but too much must not be put before him at one time. The greatest attention must be paid to cleanliness in every respect, and I have generally thought laying the dog near a fire, had a good effect—but I never confine him.

According to circumstances and the strength of the dog, I gave the medicine every day, or only every second day. In the latter case, I sometimes

sometimes gave the sulphur without the antimony, on the intermediate days. But I am never deterred at first from giving the physic, from the disease having caused purging, believing as I do, that a dose of this sort is the best antidote to a scouring from internal disease. I can assure your Correspondent that I have cured several high-bred dogs by these simple remedies, even under the appearances he points out. Not, however, after fits had come on. Indeed, this I have had no opportunity of trying.

On the letter signed "TYRO," I must remark, that in the only case where I had a dog dissected, the appearances were very distinct. The throat was much swollen, and almost choaked with slime, and the stomach, besides being full of the same stuff, had on one side a considerable ulcer, very much inflamed. There did not appear to be any absolute obstruction in the bowels, but in every part the slime seemed to have deprived them of their natural tone. I do not suppose this to be the appearance in every case, but from all I have seen, I am inclined to think that the stomach is principally affected in the generality of cases.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. N. F.

Fife, June 6, 1813.

ACTION AGAINST THE OWNER OF A SAVAGE DOG.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 2.

Finch *v.* Duval.

THIS action was brought to recover damages for injury sustained by the plaintiff, who had been severely bitten by the defendant's dog; an animal, which, to use the words of the pleadings, "was in the habit of biting and worrying all mankind."

The defendant is a market-gardener, residing at Camberwell, Surrey; the plaintiff is a baker, dwelling at the same place. On the 24th of September last, the plaintiff was proceeding through Loughborough-house-lane, when he met the two sons of the defendant, accompanied by the obnoxious dog, an animal of great strength, between the lurcher and the bull-dog breed. Some altercation took place between the parties, and a gun which the plaintiff had in his hand was wrenched from him. The dog immediately flew at him, seized him by the cheek, and threw him to the ground. In that situation, he repeatedly bit him. With much difficulty he got away from the animal, but his respite from violence was of very short duration. The dog again seized him, threw him into a ditch, and wounded him in various places; the sons of the plaintiff having refused, for a considerable time, to call him off. The plaintiff, it appeared, had received no less than eighteen bites, and was confined to his bed in consequence, for several weeks.

The Surgeon who attended the plaintiff proved the injury he had sustained. He was for a considerable time in a very perilous state.

Brome, a publican; Haynes, a constable; and a boy of the name of Appleton, proved the vicious disposition of the animal. The witnesses deposed to their having been seriously injured by the dog, at different periods, within the last two years. Brome and Appleton were confined for several months in consequence. Haynes applied to

to Mr. Bowles, the Magistrate, who desired the defendant to prevent his dog from going at large, but of this caution he had taken no notice.

The Attorney-General, for the defendant, called a number of witnesses, who gave the dog an excellent character for mildness and forbearance towards the honest and inoffensive, and for great discriminative sagacity in attacking thieves. All these witnesses, however, on their cross-examination, admitted that they had heard of the injuries sustained by the persons called on the part of the plaintiff; injuries which they had received from the dog, when peaceably walking on the King's highway.

Lord Ellenborough summed up the evidence, and the Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 100l.

LAW CASES.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 9.

Tyler *v.* Nicholls.

THIS was an action brought to recover compensation in damages for a violent assault.

The plaintiff, it appeared, was a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and the defendant was a Major in the Marines. In April last, the plaintiff, accompanied by his sister and another lady, were passing by the house of Sir John and Lady Douglas, near Greenwich. At the door was the Major on horseback, and in uniform, apparently taking leave of Sir John and his Lady. As the fore-feet of the horse were on the pathway, the plaintiff desired the Major to *rein* his horse, that the company might pass, which he promised to do, but which promise he did not perform. The plaintiff then bowed his head under the neck of the horse, and passed, having the young lady under his arm, and calling on his sister to follow them, which she did, after considerable hesitation. When she overtook the plaintiff, who had advanced about twenty yards, she informed him how much she had been alarmed, when he immediately turned back, and said to the defendant, "If you were a gentleman, you would have reined back your horse, and permitted the ladies to pass." Major Nichols observed, 'That the plaintiff was a d——d impertinent fellow,' and accompanied the observation by striking him a violent blow with a large stick, which he had in his hand. The plaintiff reeled back several paces, in consequence of the violence of the assault, and then fell to the ground. He remained in a state of insensibility for a few minutes, and, when he was able to rise, he applied to the defendant for his address, who said, "you shall get neither *ad*-dress nor *re*-dress from me, except a good horse-whipping, if you are impertinent." Plaintiff then applied to Sir J. Douglas, to know who the assailant was—but Sir John refused to inform him, observing, "that as he had not seen the *fracas*, and did not know how it had originated, he did not conceive himself justified in interfering." The plaintiff at length discovered that the defendant was a Major in the Marines, and immediately brought his action for the assault.

These facts having been proved by the evidence of the young ladies who were in the plaintiff's company,

company, at the time the occurrence took place, Mr. Topping addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendant. He stated, that by the particular desire of his client, he would call a witness who was present at the time the alledged assault took place. What that witness would prove, whether it would make the case better or worse for the defendant, he could not tell. If it had been left to his discretion, he certainly should not have called a witness; but as the command of his client was imperative upon him, he was obliged to proceed.

He then called a groom, in the service of Sir John Douglas, who deposed, that when Major Nichols was called upon to rein back his horse, he (the witness) was doing something to the bridle curb. That the reason of the defendant's not backing the animal was, because a Greenwich stage was at the moment passing close behind him; but, notwithstanding, there was sufficient room for any person to pass the horse on the footpath without danger. That the plaintiff had proceeded nearly twenty yards, before he returned to Major Nichols, which he did in a very menacing manner, flourishing his stick across the defendant's face, and exclaiming—"You are no gentleman!" On this defendant *let his cane fall gently* on the plaintiff's head. He saw plaintiff sink to the ground, and saw some women pick him up again. He then went into the stable, and witnessed nothing farther.

The Attorney-General, on the part of the plaintiff, descanted at some length on the severity of the assault, which was quite unprovoked, and laid peculiar stress on the politeness and attention which the female sex were entitled to receive from those who were their natural protectors, and more especially from gentlemen of the military profession.

Lord Ellenborough said, that although there was no justification, circumstances occurring before or after might be a mitigation. The defendant had no right to be on the foot-path, which ought to be free. It had been stated, that he could not go back further, on account of the Greenwich coach: it was for the Jury to say, whether he was wilfully obstructing it.—Nothing but necessity could justify him in not making way for the ladies. Plaintiff had used words, which it would have been better he had not; he meant the words "you are no gentleman:" but the defendant was highly reprehensible in using the words "d---d liar." It was natural that the plaintiff, having two ladies under his care, should be irritated; and it appeared that one was a little alarmed: if he brandished his stick, even in a threatening manner, what followed was very disproportionate to the offence.—If what was stated by the ladies as having occurred after the plaintiff was knocked down, was true, and which was not contradicted by the groom, who only swore he did not hear it, it was a very great aggravation, and the words were neither becoming the officer nor the gentleman.

The Jury almost immediately returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 100l.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 10.

Matthews *v.* the West Middlesex Water-works Company.

THE plaintiff in this case, who is the driver of the Liverpool coach, for the stage nearest to London,

'London, sought, by the present action, to recover a compensation in damages for an injury of a very serious nature sustained by him through the negligence of the defendant's servants, or workmen, in the course of their operations while excavating the streets in the vicinity of Tottenham-court-road, for the purpose of laying the pipes for the conveyance of water into town, for the service of the public. The earth, it appeared, had been heaped up, by the side of the road where the excavation was made, to the height of several feet; and though poles were set up on either side, and at both ends of the opening, so as to prevent people from falling in, yet the lamps which were intended to mark out the particular spot of danger, being placed immediately over the opening, beyond which the heaps of earth extended several feet on either side, and to such a height, too, as even to obscure the light of the lamps, were calculated rather to invite into, than to warn against, the dangers which those mounds of earth presented.—In this situation, the plaintiff, who was represented as being an uncommonly sober, attentive, and industrious man, one indeed who might serve as a pattern for persons of his profession, —in driving his coach leisurely along Tottenham-court-road, on an evening in the month of February, 1812, had his coach overset, in consequence of one of the wheels getting upon the earth so collected into a heap: the plaintiff was thrown from his seat; had the small bone of his ancle broken, his heel much crushed and bruised, so that mortification was for some time apprehended; he was under the hands of a medical man for some months; and, though now able to attend to his business, as formerly, must expect to be a cripple for life. It also appeared that he had a wife and nine children dependant upon him for support.

No evidence was offered on the part of the defendants, who had come into Court only in consequence of representations made to them by their servants, that every possible precaution had been used on their parts.

Lord Ellenborough, in addressing the Jury, suggested to them the propriety of giving in moderate damages, a sum which should still prove something like an equivalent for the injury the plaintiff had sustained—such a sum, for instance, as by the purchase of an annuity might enable him, with greater ease, to provide for his family, disqualified as he had been, in part, from doing so, by the injury of which he now complained.

The Jury (his Lordship having in the mean time left the Court) found for the plaintiff—Damages 525l.

The Attorney-General regretted that, in consequence of the moderation of the plaintiff's attorney, the plaintiff could not profit by the liberal intentions of the Jury, the damages being laid in the declaration only at 399l. He applied, therefore, to Mr. Lowten to know whether the verdict must not be restricted to that sum—conscious, however, as he was, that the respectable Company who were the defendants in this case, would have the liberality to give full effect to the intentions of the Jury.

Mr. Lowten, on consulting with the Jury, intimated to Mr. Dampier, Counsel for the defendant, that,

that the Jury insisted upon his recording a verdict for five hundred guineas, which he should accordingly do.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

MR. EDITOR,

AS I think it would be very proper for somebody to endeavour to get a Bill passed in Parliament to prevent unhappy marriages, with suitable penalties to be inflicted upon delinquents, I beg leave to give you some hints. When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way to maintain themselves, nor any thing to begin the world with, yet resolve to marry, and be miserable, let it be deemed *Petty Larceny*. If a younger brother marries an old woman, purely for the sake of maintenance, let it be called *Se defendendo*. When a rich old fellow marries a young wench, in her full bloom, I would have it made *Felony without benefit of Clergy*. When two old *helpless* creatures, that can hardly hear one another, marry to be more miserable, let them be deemed *non compos.* When a lady marries her coachman, or a gentleman his cookmaid, (especially if there be children by a former marriage) let them both be *transported* for fourteen years. When a man has had one devil of a wife, and buried her, and yet will marry a second, let him be brought in *Felo-de-se.* When a woman in good circumstances marries a town-rake not worth a groat, if she is betrayed into it, let it be called *Accidental death*; but if she knew it, make it single *felony*, and *singe her in the fist.* When a man with no children marries a woman with five or six children, (and vice versa) let the delinquent stand thrice in the pillory, lose both his ears, and suffer one year's imprisonment. If a man marries a woman of ill-fame, *knowing her to be so*, let him be condemned to have a pair of *horns* painted on his door, in *perpetuam rei memoriam*; or if she be a known scold, then a couple of *neats tongues* painted there: And when a man or woman marries to the disinheriting of their children, let them suffer as in cases of high treason. When a woman marries a man deeply in debt, knowing him so to be, let her be sent to the *house of correction* and kept to *hard labour* for three months; and if he deceived her, and did not let her know his circumstances, let her be acquitted, and he be doomed to *beat hemp* all the days of his life.

These, Sir, and such like penalties, might prevent many unhappy marriages, and the ruin of families. If, Mr. Editor, you can get them passed into a law, you will deserve well of your country, and be particularly esteemed by your's, with many *et cœteras*,

QUONDAM LEGULXIUS.

June 14.

GREAT RACE FOR THE DERBY.

EPSOM Races commenced on Wednesday, the 2d of June. The display of fashion was not great, nor was the sport of the day, upon the whole, of the first order.

On Thursday, being the second day of these races, and the most interesting, in consequence of the race for the Derby Stakes, at an early hour all the avenues leading from

from town to the race course were thronged with elegant and dashing equipages, filled with beauty and fashion. There were also no inconsiderable portion of the *bourgeois*, who, mounted on their hacks, or seated in their gigs, buggies, tax-carts, or dog-carts, by their curvettings, crossings, and irregularities, almost rendered the roads impassable. On their arrival at the Downs, they arranged themselves in a treble line along the railings on each side of the course, and the horses having been taken from the vehicles, the range of seats was formed, which from their extent, and the splendid appearance of their occupants, formed a most imposing and gratifying spectacle. While the immediate vicinity of the course was thus thronged, on the rising ground, at some distance, other visitors had taken their stations, and in many instances marquees were pitched for their accommodation, under which the *belles* were most happy to take refuge from the scorching rays of the sun, which were almost intolerable. On other parts of the hill, were seen small parties seated like gipsies, round *haver-sacks* of provisions, which, in a place remote from the sources of luxury, became highly acceptable; and which, if one might judge from the rapidity of their disappearance, were enjoyed with peculiar *goût*. For the accommodation and entertainment of the less provident *amateurs*, booths were stationed in various directions, whose ample stores of *hams, beef,* and other solid *stomach furniture*, together with plenteous supplies of liquors of all denominations, from *Champagne* to humble *tap-lash*, excited their appetites, and gratified their palates.

Ample time having been afforded for refreshment, preparatory to the commencement of the sport of the day, the attention of the assembled multitude was next directed to the list of horses which were to run for the Derby Stakes, which stood first in the bill of fare for the day's amusement. From this it appeared that sixteen had been entered.

Of these, the first in favour was Smolensko, of whose fame and celebrity the sporting world has of late heard much. Towards this horse the eyes and expectations of all orders of the spectators seemed by one accord to be directed. Whispers, rumours, and doubts, were heard from various quarters. On one side a wavering disposition was evinced to take the field against the favourite, and offers were made to accept 5 to 4 and 6 to 5 on that side of the question; while, on the other, no disposition whatever was evinced to meet these offers, but, on the contrary, the fullest confidence, as to the result of the contest, was expressed; and, at length even bets were offered on Smolensko against the field. This general disposition in favour of Smolensko, of course rendered betting rather heavy; and, although a thousand voices proclaimed their wish to take odds against him, not an offer was made. The knowing ones, therefore, were obliged to have recourse to the other horses, and the odds, as well as we could collect them, from the fluctuating offers which were made, were as follows:

4 to 1 agst Solyman.
6 to 1 agst Lord Derby.
500 to 25 agst Lord Grosvenor.
800 to 100 agst Lord Jersey.
500 to 30 agst the Brother to Pan.
And 12 and 15 to 1 agst the rest of the field.

200

200 to 100 that the first and second winner would be named.

From these bettings it will be seen, that next to Smolensko, Solyman and Lord Derby were the favourites.

The report of the accident which had recently happened to Smolensko, was industriously circulated with a view to get odds against him; but this failed, as the true state of the circumstance had transpired. It was simply this:—While Smolensko was taking his usual exercise on Friday evening previous to the race, he trod upon a small stone, and bruised the tender part of his hoof. This bruise extended to a corn, which had already been formed; and hence, after the animal had taken his sweat, it was found that he had symptoms of lameness. An investigation of the cause took place the next morning, when the shoe was removed, the corn cut, and an emollient applied, which soon removed all symptoms of lameness; and the next day, the favourite hero of the field was restored to his original vigour and spirit. Whatever doubts, however, might have arisen, they were completely removed, on a view of the favourite, which, together with the other horses intended to run, were saddled in the copse, behind Mr. Durand's house, at a short distance from the starting-post. Hither, when betting became slack, an immense concourse of amateurs flocked to take a view of the objects of their solicitude, and of course, the most anxious desire was expressed to see Smolensko, who had not yet arrived from his stables, but who, in a few minutes afterwards, made his appearance. He was received by Sir Charles Bunbury, and conducted into a stable where only a select few were admitted, and where the favourite groom of Sir Charles took off his ordinary shoes, and placed in their stead the plates in which he was to run. This ceremony performed, he was led forth by a groom, mounted, and conducted to the paddock where the other horses waited. The moment he appeared he was surrounded by an immense concourse of interested spectators, who burst, as it were, into an involuntary exclamation of applause and admiration.—His eye, the inimitable symmetry of his limbs, the grace and strength of his action, and at the same time his docility and perfect tractability, became in their turns subjects for comment and approbation. Even betting was universal, and some went so far as to offer two to one on the favourite against the field—while the adepts pronounced victory certain and easy.

Every thing being now in readiness, at half-past three the horses were led to a part of the course, from whence to the winning-post, a heat of a mile and a half is formed, which is the distance for the Derby Stakes. Twelve horses only made their appearance, Lord Foley's ch. c. Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Mr. T. Scaith's ro. c. and Mr. Howorth's ch. c. having declined running.

An almost incalculable number of horsemen attended at the starting post, and the last bell being rung, a fine burst took place. At first they all made play, Solyman taking the lead. Smolensko, however, who was ridden by Goodison, an admirable jockey, soon gained ground, and shot a little a-head; his competitors kept close to his heels, Lord Jersey almost close in with him, and running at *score* from

from the first start. On coming to the sharp turning called Tadnor's Point, Lord Jersey passed Smolensko amidst a tremendous shout of applause, and kept his distance a few lengths. Smolensko, however, had not yet put forth his vigour, and Goodison, who seemed to know his horse well, having given him the reins, which he had hitherto evidently confined, and suffered him to exert the full scope of his spirit, he dashed forward with the rapidity of lightning, gained his lost ground, and maintained his superiority to the end of the race, which he won easily by a full length, excelling in his paces and his speed any thing that had of late years been witnessed on this ground.

Never did we witness a more anxious enthusiasm than was displayed by the witnesses to this race. —All seemed to participate in the interest of the contest, and when the favourite was announced the conqueror, a burst of applause was heard, which sufficiently evinced the earnestness with which they regarded his fate. Sir Charles Bunbury seemed not to entertain the slightest doubts of success from the first moment, and when he heard that betting was even, he said it was no more than he expected. An immense sum of money was won and lost on this occasion; and those who happened to be on the wrong side of the question, as might be supposed, formed a very striking contrast to the more fortunate speculators of the day. "They sighed and looked, and sighed and looked again," and screwing up their mouths into a scornful smile, rode off.

To describe the scene of confusion which was presented during the race, from the miscellaneous body of horsemen, actuated by different motives, riding in full speed in almost every direction, would be impossible. Many falls took place, some few persons were run over, and of consequence a few accidents occurred, none, however, likely to be attended with any tragical consequence. A few gigs were run away with, overturned, and broken, but most fortunately they were void of passengers, and consequently no other injury was sustained. A phaeton was unfortunately overthrown, and a lady who was in it much injured, and a gentleman who endeavoured to prevent the accident, had his arm broken. These two occurrences formed the most serious which have come to our knowledge.

At half-past four a second start took place for the Gold Cup. The heat was two miles, and one heat decided the match. The horses that started were—

Mr. Ladbroke's Octavius.

Mr. Lake's (Duke of York's) Venture.

General Grosvenor's Defiance.

Duke of Rutland's Sorcery.

Betting was five to two against Octavius, and six to four against Defiance.

Defiance was much in favour, and at starting took the lead, Octavius being the last from the post. Defiance maintained his advantage until he came to the sharp turning, to which we have already alluded, when Octavius pushed forward, and at this moment they were all nearly neck and neck, Defiance, however, still maintaining a trifling advantage. The contest now became extremely spirited, each horse put forth every nerve with a spontaneous effort, unaided by the whip or the spur, and exhibiting, from the distance to the winning post,

post, a sample of courage and close running, which has seldom been excelled. Octavius, however, being the most powerful horse, gained ground, and won the heat with credit. The Duke of Rutland's Sorcery was second, General Grosvenor's Defiance third, and the Duke of York's Venture fourth.

Amongst others whom we observed on the course were—

The Dukes of York and Cambridge, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Derby, Lord Jersey, Lord Darlington, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Sefton, General Grosvenor, Lord Sackville, Lord Rivers, Lord Barrymore, Sir W. W. Wynne, Mr. W. Wynne, Mr. Howorth, Mr. Ladbroke, Mr. Blade, Mr. Tyson, &c. the Marchioness of Sligo, and several females of distinction.

MEDICAL PULLS AND CROSSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THERE seems to be *sporting* in all trades and professions, as well as upon the course, your proper theatre; and as your interesting Miscellany circulates universally, and engages the attention of all ranks, the very lowest excepted, no kind of sporting cross can be out of place in its pages. I am, therefore, about to present you and your readers with one in the medical line, which you may rest assured, has not been fabricated for the purpose, but purposed for publication from its undoubted authenticity, as well as the moral it contains, and the caution it ought to inculcate.

Near the banks of the Trent, some years since, dwelled a most *respectable* surgeon and apothecary, the cock of his walk, and chief guardian and dispenser of health in his neighbourhood. On a certain occasion, being obliged by pressing business to spend a month from home, his patients were committed to the care of a journeyman, whom doubtless, from such confidence, he esteemed sufficiently discrete; in which, as the sequel will evince, he found himself woefully disappointed. Returning home, among his first enquiries, in course, was the state of his patients, more particularly of one gentleman, an excellent patient, who had been several years under his care. His too successful deputy gave him a general convalescent account, and indeed, an assurance of the full recovery of the gentleman alluded to. This last seemed to occasion much surprise, and a very significant, but by no means satisfied look. However, nothing farther passed until next day, when the master accosted his assistant very gravely, with a notice to quit his service, assigning no other reason for his unexpected conduct, than might be gleaned from very significant looks. The too honest deputy, full of zeal to discharge his trust to the utmost of his ability, both for his master's reputation and the benefit of his patients, had acted on his own judgment, according to the nature of the case, without adhering literally to his master's practice; and more particularly, with respect to the gentleman already marked, who had been *so long in tow,* as the best patient on the doctor's list, but who, on a change of the medicinal *regime,* introduced by the deputy, very shortly recovered his health, so much to his

his own, and so little to his doctor's satisfaction.

The young man, full of resentment as of honest zeal, and alive to the preservation of his character and interest in his profession, on his dismissal, waited on the gentleman, whose health he had been the instrument to re-establish, and unfolded to him an unvarnished tale of how he had been for years imposed upon, and kept upon the sick list, for the benefit of his apothecary, and how quickly and easily his health had been restored by fair and honest treatment. His eyes opened, and fully convinced of the truth of the story, and of the integrity and professional merit of the relator, he took the young man by the hand, and made him the very handsome remuneratory offer of furnishing a capital to settle him in his profession, which being gratefully accepted, he forthwith put in execution, placing his protegé in the same neighbourhood with his old master, whose patients he almost intirely attracted to himself, in consequence of the story being circulated. I lay the greatest stress upon the moral of cases of this kind, as they regard the medical faculty, whose interest, if not conscience, may be suddenly and deeply implicated. As to patients, the difficulty of their judging of the merits of their medical attendants is so great, that cautions are of equivocal use.

There is an analogous story of this kind, generally known, and which not improbably, may have been already published, although I have no information on that head; it however *curricle-izes*, or gibes in, but too well with the passing anecdotes of the day, to the utter reproach of our laws and medical police. The keeper of a private madhouse, a mansion of that kind so often prostituted in this land of law and freedom, to the most horrible purposes, was called from home for some days. A certain patient was entrusted in the interim, to the care of a maid servant only, with orders to administer daily, and at the hour noted, the prescriptions left in her hands. This patient was a gentleman in a state of torpid melancholy, bordering on total insensibility. The woman omitted from forgetfulness, on the first night, to administer the medicine prescribed, and was surprized in the morning, to find the patient in a far different state of mind to that in which she had been accustomed so see him, as he noticed her attentions, and his mind seemed to have awakened to the objects around him. The coincidence of an omission of the medicine, and appearance of returning perception and sanity of mind in the patient, so forcibly impressed the mind of the woman, who perhaps had not been altogether an unnoticing witness of the usual transactions of the house, and besides, might probably feel interested for the present victim, that she determined to risk a total discontinuance of the medicine, and watch its effect upon the health of the patient. Two or three days of careful nursing and adherence to her resolution, operated so favourably upon the gentleman's constitution, to which also, probably, his inclination to the woman's person, a circumstance which appeared in the sequel, might contribute, that he seemed to have recovered the full possession of his mental powers. He then related his unfortunate case to his nurse, the substance of which was that, being an elder brother, intitled

to

to a good estate which had fallen, a conspiracy, with the aid of the keeper of the madhouse, had been hatched against him by the next in succession. He had suffered a temporary derangement from some cause, by virtue of which he was confined, and the keeper of the house, by the help of a low diet, and the constant use of stupefying potions, had reduced him to, and kept him in a perpetual state of torpor and mental imbecility. The story had its full effect upon the woman, who owned afterwards that she felt an irresistable sympathetic attraction to the sufferer, and she immediately resolved to run the risk of suffering her patient to escape, the consequence of which was, his application to friends and to proper authority, by which he superseded the legal steps already taken, and secured his estate; and as the next step, led his protectress from the madhouse to the altar.

I request, Sir, for the warning and security of the public, since no one can say his, or her turn, may not be next, that you will not fail detailing at large all the infamous cases of this kind which come abroad, thereby evincing, as you generally have done, that your elegant publication contains the instructive and useful, as well as the amusing.—I am, with respect and good wishes, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN OBSERVER OF THE TIMES.

THE HORSE AND THE HERIOT.

The Duke of Norfolk *v.* W. Manley, Esq.

THE defendant in this action, having suffered judgment by default, it came on upon a writ of inquiry before the Under Sheriff of Middlesex, and a special Jury, on Friday, the 28th of May last, to assess the damages.

Mr. Dampier, Counsel for the plaintiff—the defendant in person.

The plaintiff is lord of the manor of Dorking, and as such entitled to a heriot upon the death of every copyhold tenant. The defendant is a Serjeant at Law, and executor of the late Sir Charles Talbot, upon whose death a heriot became due to the plaintiff, in respect of a copyhold estate held by him of the manor of Dorking, and this action was brought for the unlawful detention of a cart horse, which the plaintiff's bailiff, on the 3d of December last, had marked as the plaintiff's heriot at Chart Park, the residence of the deceased, but which, out of courtesy, the bailiff had left on the premises, until Sir Charles's agent could apprise the defendant of the circumstance, who immediately thereupon applied to the plaintiff, offering to compound for it, as a predecessor of Sir Charles's had been allowed to do. The plaintiff answered, that if the heriot were a favourite saddle-horse of the deceased, or of a lady, he would certainly do so, but as a frequent recurrence to the practice of taking a composition might raise a doubt of the right, he had of late, and should continue to take, the heriot in kind, except under the particular circumstances mentioned. After several letters and repeated applications, the plaintiff directed his agent to wait upon the defendant, to request his order for the delivery of the horse, which the defendant refused to part with earlier than the 1st of May, when, as he said, the estate would probably be sold, and the animal's services would be no longer

longer necessary to him, but added, that if the plaintiff would engage to leave the horse in his possession until that period, he, the defendant, would in such case sign the roll of the manor, as having delivered it to save the plaintiff's right. The defendant was informed that such an offer, by which he pointedly insisted upon keeping the horse till the 1st of May, as he had uniformly done in every proposal coming from him, could not be acceded to, as it gave the lord no election, and therefore would, in effect, be a compromise of the right. Besides this, the defendant's resistance to the plaintiff's right (to which his high legal rank gave additional authority), was become the subject of general conversation in the manor, and rendered these, or any similar terms, totally inadmissible, even had the justice of the case not called for other measures; and therefore the plaintiff directed his agent to inform the defendant, that in the event of a longer detention of his property, he must call in aid the law, to redress the wrong done him—still expecting that the character of the learned Serjeant, as an interpreter of the laws to others, would prevent his setting them at defiance in his own case. The learned defendant, however, replied, that if any attempt were made to seize the horse (and it appeared subsequently that his instructions to the servants at Chart Park prevented this without a breach of the peace), he would indict the parties for felony.

After a short interval, to allow the learned Serjeant the opportunity for reflection, the plaintiff brought his action, and the defendant not choosing to go into Court, suffered judgment by default; and it now came before the Jury to say what damages the plaintiff was entitled to for the wrong done by the unlawful detention of the horse, from the 3d of December last, till the time of executing the enquiry.

After Mr. Dampier had shortly stated the case to the effect above-mentioned, and before calling evidence, Mr. Serjeant Manley intimated, that the horse was at the door of the Sheriff's office, and in as good condition as when marked by the plaintiff's bailiff; and he desired to know if he would be accepted, which was assented to, upon the understanding that its value was not deteriorated. And Mr. Dampier thereupon acquainted the Jury, that as the defendant had at length delivered the horse, which he had so long detained unlawfully, it would be for them to say what damages the plaintiff had sustained by that unlawful detention. And after explaining the law of heriots, which, as he insisted, were just as much the right of the lord, as the produce of a freehold estate was the right of the owner of it, and no hardship upon the owner of the estate, as upon purchase he always claimed an abatement in the price on account of them, he called evidence to prove the facts of the case, and to shew what the services of such a horse were reasonably worth, from the period of his being marked to the time of delivery.

After which, the learned Serjeant entered upon the defence, to which Mr. Dampier made an animated reply, and the Under Sheriff having very pertinently charged the Jury, they brought in their verdict for the plaintiff, damages 17l. 17s. and costs.

SHOOT-

SHOOTING FOR THE SILLER GUN.

Communicated in a Letter, dated Dumfries, June 8.

THE anniversary of his Majesty's birth was celebrated here on Friday with more than the usual demonstrations of affection and loyalty. At noon, the 26th regiment fired a *feu-de-joie*, and the Royal Dumfries Yeomanry Cavalry, and Nithsdale Local Militia, at present on duty here, were drawn out in parade, and gave three cheers, &c. &c.

But the great object of attraction was the revival, in all its wonted formality and splendour, of an ancient festival, peculiar to this place, of "Shooting for the SILLER GUN." This festival is indebted for its origin to James VI. who presented to the Incorporated Trades, or Craftsmen, of Dumfries, a small silver tube like the barrel of a pistol, the temporary possession of which, as a trophy, was ordered to be given to the best marksmen among them. Hence the festival is called "Shooting for the SILLER GUN;" and, with this title, has been the subject of a poem, in Scots verse, by our townsman, Mr. John Mayne. The institution itself may be regarded as a memorial of the Waponshaw—the shooting at butts and bow-marks, and other military sports introduced by our ancestors, to keep alive the martial ardour and heroic spirit of the people. In the true fervour of loyalty, the birth-day of the Sovereign is invariably chosen for the solemnity; and, for upwards of half a century, the 4th of June has, at intervals, been to the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood the day of Jubilee.

It is now five years since the last celebration. John M'Craken, Esq. was, on the present occasion, Deacon Convener of the Seven Corporations. Indeed it is to his zeal, and that of his loyal coadjutors, Deacons Hayland, M'George, Grainger, Primrose, Woodmas, and Selkirk, that the 75th anniversary of the birth of our good King, was celebrated with so much splendour. The day, cloudless and serene, was uncommonly propitious to their wishes. Their drums beat to arms at four o'clock in the morning. At six, the joy-bells rang: the Union Flags were then displayed from the steeples, and the different trades were under arms, and assembling at the houses of their respective Deacons, or Headsmen, where they were welcomed with a glass of whiskey, as a morning whet. In a short time thereafter, they were all embodied on the Sands; whence, having been reviewed by Mr. Sampson, of the Local Militia, the whole marched through the principal streets of the town, in nearly the following order:—

Pioneers to clear the way.

Military Band, playing God save the King.

The Grand Banner of the Seven Trades, unfurled.

The SILLER GUN, the trophy of the day, decorated with flowers and ribbons, suspended from a painted pole, and borne by the Trades' Officer, with his head uncovered.

Deacon-Convener M'CRAKEN, with a drawn Sword in his hand, as Commander in Chief.

Border Minstrels, playing, in their softest tone, King Robert the Bruce's March at the Battle of Bannockburn.

The Colours of the Hammermen.

Mr. WILLIAM HAYLAND, their Deacon, with his Staff of Office, followed by his Brother Craftsman, two and two.

Full Band of the Cameronians—Tune, "The Garb of Old Gaul."
Banners of the Squaremen.
Members of the Corporation, in rank and file.

To these succeeded, in military array also, according to the date of their various charters, the Corporations of

Weavers, Taylors, Shoemakers,
Skinners, and Fleshers,
Led on by their Deacons; with Drums, Colours, and Musicians, attached to every Corps,
Amounting altogether to upwards of one thousand armed Men,
Staunch Friends to their KING and COUNTRY.

The streets through which the procession passed were crowded to excess—the windows of the houses were literally filled with beauty, gazing; the ladies waved their napkins; again the joy-bells rang a merry peal, and loud and long-continued acclamations, from an immense concourse of spectators, accompanied this interesting spectacle to the scene of action at the Kingholm, about a mile along the banks of the river Nith. Arriving there soon after eight o'clock, the firing with ball at a target, one hundred and twenty yards distant, immediately commenced. The Hammermen began the sport; the other trades followed in rotation; and continued shooting, without interruption, till half-past seven in the evening, when the Royal Prize was adjudged to Mr. James Muir, a member of the Corporation of Hammermen, who was proclaimed the hero of the day. A young lad, about fourteen years of age, of the name of Lookup, of the skinner trade, was the best shot among the journeymen and apprentices, and received the prize of a new hat.

During the whole contest, the roads to and from "the tented field," together with the field itself, were uncommonly crowded with spectators. In the course of the day there could not be less than ten or twelve thousand persons present. For these, marquees and booths, filled with liquors and refreshments of all kinds, were arranged in every direction. The weather, as has already been observed, was extremely fine; and gave a grand effect to this exhilirating scene—now graced by a more numerous and brilliant display of beauty and fashion than on any similar occasion.

A great number of our most respectable gentlemen were also present. Among other worthies—

TERRAUGHTIE, here a welcome guest,
Was hail'd wi' raptures aft exprest:
Ten thousand tongues his worth confest—
A Patriot leel,
The object dearest to his breast
The Common Weal!

About eight o'clock, after a *deochandorus*, or parting cup, the procession began to move homeward in the same order in which it had at first set out, with the Victor marching in front, and the SILLER GUN tied to his hat with blue ribbons: and here the *coup d'œil* was extremely animating—

Far as the keenest eie cou'd run,
The waving flags and mony a gun
Buskit wi' flow'rs and yellow whun,
Sae sweetly shining,
Stream'd like a rainbow, while the sun
Was just declining!

And as the troops drew near the town,
With a' the ensigns o' renown,
The Magistrates paraded down,
And a' the gentry,
And Love and Friendship vied to crown
Their joyous entry.

Sea

See, see the conq'ring Hero comes!
The band struck up with a' their drums:
Louder the big bass-fiddle bums,
The cymbals jingle,
And in ten thousand thousand hums,
Glad voices mingle!

Upon the whole, the shooting for the SILLER GUN was never conducted with more regularity, harmony, or splendour; and, we are happy to add, that no accident whatever occurred to interrupt the gaiety of a festival, the recurrence of which brings so many pleasing circumstances to remembrance.

After all the ceremonies of the day were concluded, the Royal Trophy was again deposited among the archives of the Corporations; and all their banners were displayed from the windows of their Hall, where the Convener and Deacons entertained the Provost and Magistrates, the Officers of the 26th Regiment, the Royal Dumfries Yeomanry Cavalry, the Dumfries Local Militia, and a number of the most respectable gentlemen of the town and county, all of whom contributed by their presence to the hilarity of the evening, which was spent with that loyalty and conviviality for which the town and corporations are so justly distinguished. Among many appropriate toasts, the following were given with peculiar *eclat*, namely, "The King"—"Prince Regent"—"Duke of York"—"Lord Wellington"—"Duke of Buccleugh"—"The Members of Parliament for the Town and County"—"The Memory of King James VI. who presented the SILLER GUN to the Trades"—"Mr. John Mayne, the Author of 'THE SILLER GUN' Poem, &c."—The Hall was decorated with a full length transparent representation of his Majesty in his Royal Robes, the Prince Regent's Feather, and the names of our most eminent Naval and Military Commanders.—Various parties of gentlemen dined throughout the town in honour of the day; and in the evening there was an assembly, at which there was again a brilliant display of youth and beauty from the town and neighbourhood.

And fairer than our Nithsdale Fair,
Or handsomer, there's nane elsewhere!
Pure as the streams that murmur there,
In them ye'll find
That Virtue and the Graces rare
Are a' enshrin'd!

CONNUBIAL AUCTIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

AN auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district (says the historian) they assembled on a certain day every year, all the virgins of marriageable age."—The most beautiful was first put up, and they who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But, alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians.—"When all the beautiful virgins (says the historian) were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man that would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome, served for a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks or had any other

other imperfection." This custom prevailed about five hundred years before Christ; but it is doubtful whether a similar sort of process is not carried on to this day, and among ourselves.

INFATUATION FOR GAMING.

A Letter received from Lisbon communicates the following distressing particulars of an event, arising out of a fatal propensity for gaming:—" The circumstances relating to the conduct, and subsequent execution of a Midshipman, of his Majesty's ship Impetueux, have been incorrectly stated in the Journals that have reached us from England. His name was Howe, and he was the son of a highly-respectable Clergyman in England; but he had unfortunately imbibed an infatuating passion for gambling, which became his ruin, though it was almost unaccompanied by any other vice, up to the commission of the crime for which his life was forfeited. He had been some time constant in his visits to the gambling house at Lisbon, called, not very inappropriately, " Hell;" and his ill-luck here drew from him all his money, notwithstanding he was constantly supplied, independent of his pay, by the generous bounty of his friends.

" It appears that, on the morning of the day he committed the murder, he went to a shop at Lisbon, and asked for a pair of pistols, but not having sufficient money to make a purchase, he bought a hammer and chisel; and then went on board the Mary schooner (tender to the flag ship) in the Tagus, and took away the pistols belonging to the Commander of that vessel. With these instruments in his possession, he went to the house of his friend, Mr. Searle, a merchant, who had gone out with his family to dinner, and desired the servant (the only person in the house) to bring him some wine and water; which he having drank, he began to break open the bureaus, and plunder them of what money they contained. The servant soon after entering the room, he instantly shot him dead, and left the house.

It is thought he would never have been charged with the deed, but having, in the hurried state of his mind, left the hammer and chissel in the room, these instruments led to his detection, and afterwards established his guilt, by the shopkeeper swearing they were the same he had sold to Mr. Howe, a few hours before the murder took place, and which stood as an entry on his books. He was executed for the crime according to the Portuguese law, upon a common gallows; his head afterwards cut off and stuck upon a pole for two hours, at the door of the house where he committed the murder, and then thrown into the Tagus. His body was given up to the English Consul, but being refused interment in consecrated ground, it was taken to a spot of ground at Campo Guardo, and there buried. He was a fine-grown young man, in the 23d year of his age, and had lately passed examination to obtain the rank of Lieutenant.

MIDNIGHT TERRORS—THE RABBITS.

A Person lately carrying, from the East coast of Fife, a hundred rabbits, to occupy a warren in

in the West Islands, hired a room for them, for the night, at an inn at Cupar, and putting them all into it, and giving them greens and food he shut the door, and, having refreshed himself, went to bed. A gentleman arrived just afterwards, who had supper, and went to bed, which happened to be in the room contiguous to the rabbits, but he knew nothing of their being there. About the middle of the night, and in the midst of his sleep, the door between his room and the rabbits not being locked, a gale of wind arising, the door suddenly opened, and the whole of the rabbits rushing from their own room, ran into the gentleman's, some running over his face, hands, and other parts of his body, both above and below the bed, and many of them seeking for shelter under the blankets. The gentleman, awaking suddenly, was much alarmed, and roared for help, but none appeared. Their keeper was asleep, as well as every one else in the house. Thinking himself surrounded by a thousand devils, which he found before, behind, and round him, he at length found the door, and ran down stairs naked in the dark. The rabbits, as much afraid as the gentleman, followed him, were down stairs before him, and it was not many minutes till the whole house was in an uproar. When the candle was lighted nothing appeared. The rabbits had dispersed, and hid themselves in different parts of the house. Hungary waters, spirits, &c. were brought to recover the gentleman, and it was not till the rabbit man appeared, and found his rabbits gone, that he could comprehend what had happened to him.

DESCRIPTION

OF

Mr. Joseph Manton's Patent, for Improvement of Guns.

THESE improvements consist in the following particulars:—1. In a gravitating stop, which being applied to the lock of a gun or a pistol, will render the same less liable to be accidentally discharged while loading, if it should have been, inadvertently, set at the full cock.—2. In an inverted breeching, which contains proper cavities to permit the escape of any water which may fall on the breeching of a gun or pistol, when used in rainy weather.—3. In a lip added to the hammer of guns and pistols, which will turn off the water into the said cavities, and render it less liable to enter into the pan.—4. In what the patentee calls a musical spring, or bar, which, being applied within the trigger plate, will cause the *speaking*, or the click, that is, the sound produced by drawing back the cock, to be a pleasant and musical sound. The particulars of these inventions are explained by drawings attached to the specification, for want of which it will be difficult to afford the reader the explanation required. The *gravitating stop* is a bent lever, moveable on a centre pin, which is supported by a bridge, screwed against the plate of the lock: the circular part is a weight or counterpoise, which governs the action of the gravitation stop. The arm is so situated that it may be moved towards the centre of the cock; and passing under a hook, formed out of the cock, it becomes a stop to the cock, and prevents its striking the hammer, although the trigger is discharged whenever the gun is

is used for shooting. The inverted *breeching* is made so as to prevent the water which falls upon the barrels of a double-barrelled gun, from entering the pan; because, by the improvement here specified, the water drains down two inclined planes, which pass beneath the top-piece, and are brought together into one mortise formed between the breeches of both barrels, and the mortise being confined down through the stock, permits the water to pass away from the gun. The *lip* of the hammer overhangs the upper edge of the inclined plane, and turns off any water which may drop upon it, rendering it less liable to get into the pan. The *musical spring* consists in a spring, or bar, screwed to the plate, and each of the triggers has a small pin fixed into it when the cock is drawn back, and the seer gives the trigger a sudden jerk by falling into the bents of the tumbler. These pins strike upon the spring, or musical bar, and, as the triggers return instantly, they suffer the spring to vibrate and produce a vibrating sound, which will be more pleasing to the ear than the dead click produced by the trigger in the common manner, striking upon the trigger-plate of the spring.

For the Sporting Magazine.

"THE DESOLATED HUNTING LODGE."

AN ABRUPT TALE.

——I Just gained the lodge, as the sinking car of Phœbus poured its last red gleam upon its walls; whilst I contemplated the still and desolated scene, where my mind pictured the loud shout of jocund sport and social revelry, once had rung its boisterous and noisy clamours, and where grey-headed Christmas had been crowned with honest pleasantry and festive rights; when my senses thought on *this*, and my eye illustrated the existing contrast, I felt an unknown awe and damp to creep about my heart, to think how brief the best of human merriment is! A short distance off, lay the once well-preserved fish stews; the prostrated sluices now lay broken and in wild disorder, and where the broad-scaled carp and dusky tench, had formerly laved the chrystal waters, the croaking frog and frightful eft, only disturbed the thick bed of green weeds with which the shallow and stagnant surface was matted over; beyond stood the abrupt fragments of the garden wall, within which could yet be detected the disposition of the strawberry and vegetable beds; and nearer to the mansion, the spot where once had shone the glitter of the gay and variegated parterre; but now, how sad the reverse! the gardener's pride lay levelled with the earth; and the same unsparing fate, which scattered the wild child of unsheltered vegetation, had likewise strewn the tender exotic, and all the delicate progeny of artificial culture. In a sheltered corner, one plant alone survived the desolating shock of time, and brutal man's devastating hand; here bloom'd an "everlasting pea," whose flourishing tendrils bespoke its proud resolve partially to perpetuate the universal splendour, that had, in better times, ornamented this neglected seen

While I stood lost in rumination on the strange sympathy of vicissitude that links man's fortune with that of universal matter, I was

was called from my speculations, by the rough bark of a dog; and on looking up, beheld it belonged to a venerable shepherd, who, like a true descendant of Arcadian life, supported his bending body on a crook; his silver hair floated on the evening breeze, and his countenance, charged with health, and ploughed into numberless furrows, extorted, at once, my reverence and esteem.

He approached, and, leaning sorrowfully on his staff, thus addressed me:—"Ah! master, here's a sad change of what has been." —"What," said I, "you have known this in better days?"— "Ah! that I have," replied the good old man, "but many, *many* summers back; when a young man, about twenty years of age, I lived with 'Squire Jenkins, to whom it belonged; I used to sweep that kennel, under my grandfather, who was many years 'whipper-in' to old 'Squire. Ah, me! how many a time have I stood at that door of a morning, and listened to the cry of the huntsmen as they ascended yonder road that runs through the wood, along the side of that steep hill, while the mellow notes of the departing horn sounded so sweetly and pleasant, till the tones were lost in distance. Ah! those were merry times—but both grandfather and 'squire have slept in yonder church-yard many years now."

On questioning my informer, I collected from his description, that Mr. Jenkins was no other than a faithful counterpart of Fielding's 'Squire Western, translated from the still page of the silent volume, into the busy scenes of active life —one who loved wenching in his younger days, and to the last, "BELTED" his three bottles of *stiff* port after dinner, and for the last thirty years never knew his way to bed. On enquiring how it had fallen into its present decay and desertion, he told me, the 'squire had married, early in life, an amiable and accomplished woman, who had brought him three children, all of whom died before weaning; and that shortly after the birth of the third, the mother, from some mismanagement during that period, fell into a consumption, and died. As the old man told me this, the memory of her virtues drew tears to his dim sight, which involuntarily followed each other down his venerable cheeks. "And," he continued, "that five years after, 'Squire married again a young wife, devoid of education or accomplishments, merely for personal charms, with whom he never seemed to live happy and contented, and who never brought him any offspring; and that on the old gentleman's death, which happened suddenly, being thrown from his horse while hunting, the estate had been cast into Chancery, a distant relative of the 'Squire's having contested the legality of the will, by which his widow sought to possess herself of the estate." He likewise told me, "she had resided since her husband's death with some relations in the north, and was now a woman advanced in life, the old 'Squire having been dead turned of forty years."

Following my guide within the precincts of the Mansion, where broken stairs, gilded architraves, and rich carved doors, lay mingled in wild confusion and disorder; he led the way to a room, which he told me was the drawing room, and pointing to a nail, fixed in one of the centre ceiling beams, said the last

last Christmas before old master's death, when the ground was covered with snow, and the trees weighed down with icicles, the old gentleman had, according to his annual custom, the misseltoe suspended to it, and in the gaiety of convivial enjoyment, had saluted all his female guests, and made his servants pass through the same ceremony.

From this apartment we crossed the marble hall into the eating parlour. "Here, Master," said the Shepherd, "have been passed much merriment, and drinking and singing." I sighed, as he made the observation; the chill and damp that hung around the mouldering walls, seemed so reverse of jest and ribaldry. I closed my eyes, but my ears could catch no sound. No! the song had ceased; the hunter was dead; the exploits of reynard and nimrod were both consigned to the cold slumbers of inevitable death! With emotions of pain and disgust, I unclosed my sight, it rested on the grate! "Could it be possible," thought I, "that the high-piled fire, and glowing cinder, ever invited the sons of jocund mirth and sprightly harmony, to put forth their songs *here*, in this deserted waste? Could it ever be, that rich draperied curtains had shut out the sharp and piercing wintry gusts; or that the floor on which I then stood, had supported the groaning table, loaded with the savory haunch, sparkling Champaigne, and all the delicacies which could gratify a pampered appetite; and, throwing my eyes through the window, that the church which I could just trace in the twilight, contained these now silent children of sportive pleasantry and humour?"—No! the desertion that prevailed around; the wet which trickled down the dismantled walls, and the gloom, fast wrapping all in darkness, were uncongenial to the thought, and chilled the germs of fancy, ere they could be fostered into perfect imagery.

The faint twinkling of the evening star, shining through the rifted sash, admonished me to a quick return; and having passed the shattered and wasted door-porch, I thrust some loose silver on my veteran conductor, the last and solitary survivor of the pristine splendour which had graced this neglected Eden; and, bidding him an hasty good night, quickly retraced my steps, big with reflections on human adversity, and the fleeting duration of man's splendour, and sleep alone shut out my meditations on the "*Desolated Hunting Lodge!*

DISCIPULUS WALTONIÆ.

June 19, 1813. Juxta mare.

SIR FRANK STANDISH—SIEGE OF DUXBURY HALL.

THE late Sir Frank Standish, (so well known to our Sporting readers) having died intestate, the whole of his estates, including the family residence of Duxbury Hall, was taken possession of, on behalf of their ward, by the guardians of Mr. Francis Hall. In this mansion the guardians placed a person of trust as bailiff to the neighbouring estates. The title of Baronet, which the late Sir Frank held by descent, was not claimed by Mr. Hall; he being related to the deceased only through a female branch of the family, the title was, by them, considered as extinct. A person in the vicinity, however, of the name of Thomas Standish,

FOX AND PHEASANTS.

Standish, by trade a weaver, has possessed himself with a belief that he is the rightful heir to both, as the lineal descendant of a former possessor of them.—This person not having the pecuniary means of substantiating his claims by a regular legal process; or, perhaps, impatient of the law's delay, formed the truly chivalrous project of carrying his point by force of arms; and being joined by about a hundred colliers from the neighbouring coal mines, the valiant Knight advanced, on Friday, the 4th instant, at the head of this chosen band, to drive the usurpers (as he conceived them to be), from the possession of his domains. The garrison of Duxbury Hall, situate about two miles from Chorley, in Lancashire, not being prepared to oppose so formidable a force, surrendered on the first attack, which was made at five o'clock in the evening.

Being thus dispossessed of his strong hold, the bailiff dispatched a messenger to Preston for warrants to apprehend the principal actors in this affair, and his summons was duly answered by a number of peace officers, headed by Mr. Houghton, the Governor of the House of Correction, repairing to the Hall. After some parley with Sir Thomas and his partizans, who had regaled themselves pretty freely in the well-stored cellars, they found it expedient to delay the attack till about nine o'clock in the evening of the 5th, when a cavalry force arrived from Manchester, and with their auxiliaries the constables stormed and carried the fortress, making the whole garrison prisoners of war. The result of this operation was, that five of the principal actors, including Sir Thomas, have been committed to Lancaster Castle on capital charges, and about sixty more are held to bail, to answer for misdemeanors, at the next Ormskirk Sessions.

It may be proper to mention, that the entail of the estate in question was cut off by one of the ancestors of the late possessor; of course, whatever claim the poor weaver may have to the title of Baronet, he has clearly none at all to the property of the deceased, being related to him, (even admitting his own statement to be correct) only as a fifth cousin.

FOX AND PHEASANTS.

THIS beautiful Etching is by Mr. Howitt, and we can confidently offer it to our readers as equal to any thing of the kind that has come from that artist, celebrated as he is for delineating the sports of the field.

SHOOTING-MATCH.

ONE day this month, Mr. Colvin, of Ticehurst, and Mr. Barrow, of Hawkhurst, Kent, shot at ten penny-pieces thrown up to them by a person appointed for that purpose, for a stake of ten guineas, which was won by Mr. Barrow, as follows:—

Mr. Colvin.		*Mr. Barrow.*	
Shots.	Marks.	Shots.	Marks.
1st	1	1st	32
2d	60	2d	32
3d	77	3d	39
4th	62	4th	120
5th	87	5th	89
6th	16	6th	80
7th	50	7th	60
8th	98	8th	72
9th	117	9th	27
10th	4	10th	120
	572		671

Marks in favour of Mr. Barrow, 99.

FEAST OF WIT.

UPON a late trial in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, an Attorney of the name of *Hope* pressed for his Counsel, Mr. *Joy*, to attend. The Lord Chief Justice Norbury waited for some time, but Mr. *Joy* not making his appearance, his Lordship proceeded with this preface—

" *Hope* told a flattering tale
That *Joy* would soon return."

In the *hospitable* vocabulary of the *Fashionable World*, " Abroad," means that the party are at dinner, and do not wish for their friends to partake of it; and " At Home," means that there is admission to their houses, where there is nothing to allay the thirst of their guests, or to administer to the cravings of an *empty stomach!*

It was remarked, that immediately previous to the commencement of the present Term, there was a great display of artificial *mustachios, whiskers,* and *green spectacles,* which were mounted, no doubt, for the purpose of *puzzling the Bailiffs.*

Origin of Judges being called Fortune Tellers.—" A certain countryman being at an assizes, and seeing the prisoners holding up their hands at the bar, related to some of his acquaintance that the *judges* were good *fortune tellers,* for if they did but look upon a man's *hand,* they could tell whether he should live or die."

A few days ago, the shopkeepers in Sydney's-alley, Leicester-fields, were thrown into the greatest consternation, by a waggoner, with a large tilted waggon and four horses, driving through the alley. He had not proceeded far, but too far to return, when he was met by the beadle of the district, who expostulated with him for driving through the alley, when he drily replied, " by goombs, he was'nt to be diddled—it was an alley-street," and he absolutely drove through!

GENTLEMEN, *I understand, wear* STAYS!

And why not wear them? Tell me if you can;
'Tis but the fair prerogative of Man:—
Woman stole *his* rib; can you then condemn,
That a mere *whalebone* he should steal from *them;*
'Tis strange that *satire* all the world bewitches,
Why not wear *stays*—since *women* wear the *breeches?*

Book-keeping by Double Entry.—Mr. Nimmo, in his History of Stirlingshire, in Scotland, informs us, that when writing was a rare accomplishment, the old Treasurer of the town of Stirling kept his accounts in the following singular method. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one of them he put all the money

money he received, and in the other all receipts or vouchers for the money he paid. At the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied his boots, and by counting their several and respective contents he was enabled to make a balance, perhaps with as much regularity and as little trouble as any book-keeper in the kingdom.

A FEW evenings ago, a gentleman at a public party, repeating to a lady the celebrated epigram, "*Your Mother says, my little Venus*," &c. was asked by her if it it was not written by himself? "Yes," replied he, "by *me and one more*"—(MOORE).

IMPROMPTU,

On a Lady in Scotland ordering a Dresser to be placed in a Cottage Kitchen.

The Ladies now so thin are clad,
Each day appearing less and lesser,
It really makes one's heart quite glad,
To find ONE Belle require a DRESSER!

HAIR SOUP.—A gentleman going into a coffee-house, east of Temple-bar, a few days since, called for a basin of soup. His demand was complied with, and a basin of gravy-soup, as it was called, was placed before him. Having nearly finished his quantum, in dipping his spoon to the bottom of the basin, he lifted up something of such a questionable shape, that his stomach, which was of the delicate order, was a little deranged. The waiter was instantly called, the gentleman stormed, and the whole room was in an uproar. The cause was soon ascertained, and an investigation of the soup took place, when to the astonishment of all, forth from the basin was drawn the *artificial curls* of the cook, which had accidentally fallen into the pot in which the soup had been boiled. The gentleman of course refused to pay his reckoning, as he had asked for *gravy* and not *hair* soup.

DURING the present term in Dublin, in the course of a trial, one of the Barristers observed, that the Client of the other had not "a leg to stand upon." The Client, who was present, exclaimed, "In troth you're right master, for *I lost them both in Portugal*."

A FRIENDLY INTERVIEW.

"So, Friend, you wish me gone I hear?
Well! though I thought you more sincere,
Yet still I am forgiving:"
"Dear Friend, don't credit half what's said,
So far from wishing you were dead,
I'm anxious for your LIVNIG."

ON THE COMFORTS OF THE INN KEPT BY MR. LONGFELLOW.

Written by the Bishop of St. David's.

TOM LONGFELLOW's name is most justly his due:
For *long* is his neck, and his bill is *long* too;
To the stable 'tis *long* ere your horses are led,
And *long* ere rubb'd down, and much *longer* ere fed;
'Tis *long* you must wait in a comfortless room,
From a kitchen *long* dirty your dinner shall come,
Where 'twas *long* ere the cook wash'd a dish or a platter,
And *long* ere she saw a pail of clean water.
Full *long* shall your host praise his wine and his meat,
And full *long* shall complain how *long* people eat.
Long shall LONGFELLOW *long* for me back again,
And *long* ere I *long* for Tom LONGFELLOW's Inn.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MANY thousands are already laid at even betting, on the race between Benedict and Smolensko.—Smolensko is rather the favourite, but five guineas given for a hundred to take the choice.

At Beverley Meeting, Mr. Watt sold Tom Tit, by Dick Andrews, after winning the Handicap Stakes, to Mr. W. Wilson.—And Mr. Watt purchased Deborah, (late the Duke of Hamilton's) by Governor, of Mr. W. Wilson.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Smolensko and Lord Jersey's colt, (first and second for the Derby) were out of Mentor mares; also the first three for the Oaks were all got by Waxy; and Thomas Goodisson rode the two winners.—Wowski (the dam of Smolensko) was out of Maria, the dam of Waxy, &c. and Coarse Mary, (the dam of Lord Jersey's colt) was out of Jemima, by Satellite, who was also out of Maria, the dam of Waxy.—Wowski, Coarse Mary, and Waxy, (a winner of the Derby) were all bred by the late Sir Ferdinand Poole, Bart.

It having been stated in several newspapers, that Smolensko and Music were "the first instance, in half a century, that first favourites were the winners of the Derby and Oaks"—we reply thereto, that the first commencement of the Oaks was in 1779, and won by Lord Derby's Bridget, who was the first favourite.—The Derby Stakes first commenced in 1780, (thirty-six subscribers) and was won by Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed, and the Oaks by Mr. Douglas's Tetotum, both first favourites.—In 1783, by Saltram and Maid of the Oaks, first favourites.—Several other instances can be given where the first favourites have won both.—In 1801, Sir C. Bunbury's famous Eleanor, by Whiskey, won both the Derby and Oaks:—The betting for the former was 11 to 8 against her, and higher odds agst any other; for the Oaks, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on her.—*In our next we will give a complete statement of the various colts and fillies, with the betting, &c. that ran for the Derby and Oaks Stakes from their first commencement, up to the present year.*

Lord Rossmore has desired it to be publicly notified, that he never was in treaty for the purchase of Smolensko.

"A circumstance, alas! not of an unusual occurrence on the race course at Ascot, prevented the appearance of an illustrious person there on the second day. He was DUNNED by a LEG for the slight debt of 100l.

'Lords of the biting axe, and beamy spear!
'Wide conqu'ring Edward, Lion Richard—hear!"

Morning Chronicle.

On the above paragraph we have to remark, that W. C. did certainly ask H. R. H. for that sum, who replied, he understood Col. L. had paid it; but on being assured that such was not the case, H. R. H. directed General B. who was on his

his left hand, to satisfy the demand.—But it is ridiculous to suppose that the "illustrious person" alluded to, absented himself on the second day on account of a circumstance like this.

SALISBURY races are postponed from July 8, to July 21, and two following days.

GOODWOOD Races on the first day, exhibited but little company, in some measure owing to the weather, which was showery and unpleasant; on the second day it was better attended. The spirit with which these races was originally conducted, sunk with the late Duke of Richmond; and during the long absence of the present Duke, we are sorry to say, no effort has been made to revive it.

Newport, Isle of Wight.—Our annual races on Wednesday, the 9th, could boast of its usual display of beauty and fashion. We noticed the principal families in the Island, and a greater number of strangers than we have been accustomed to see. The sport was of the better order, and, we are happy to add, no accident whatever happened.

The Subscription Plate of 50l. —four-mile heats.

Mr. Grimes named Lydia, aged, 12st. 2lb. 1 1
Mr. Foquett's gr. c. Do you know me, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.... .... 3 2
Mr. Phillips's b. m. Island Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2 3

The field the favourite.

The Subscription Plate of 30l. with 20l. added by the Steward.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Foquett's gr. g. Sir William, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. .. 1 1
Mr. Woodford's ch. m. Sisyphana, aged, 10st. 2 2
Mr. Thatcher's br. c. Revenge, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 3
Mr. Jas. Harvey's b. g. Bolter, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 4 4
Mr. Grimes's b. m. Lydia, aged, 10st. 5lb............ dr.

Two to 1 on Revenge, 3 to 1 agst Sir William, and high odds agst the other two.

The Hunter's Cup, valued at 50l. for horses that have been rode by the owner sixteen times in the last season, with either of the packs on the Island.

Mr. Grimes's br. h. Bustard, aged, 12st. 12lb. (the owner)................ 1 1
Mr. Foquett's b. g. Carlo, aged, 12st. 4lb. 3 2
Mr. B. Mew's b. g. Wilkes, aged, 11st. 13lb. 2 3

Bustard the favourite.—Much betting between Wilkes and Carlo.

The ordinary at the Bugle was well attended, and the dinner was in Mew's usual style of excellence. The Steward, R. F. W. Holmes, Esq. was prevented taking the chair at dinner, by indisposition. Lord Henry Seymour, was in consequence called to it; and, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, that under his Lordship's presidency, every one felt comfortable. Mr. Shute was appointed Steward for the year ensuing; the subscription entered into was considerable; and from the late improvement in the breed of horses on the Island, we hope soon to claim an equal share of attraction with our opposite neighbours.—The race ball, in the evening, at the Sun, was respectably attended.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Day's famous horse Witchcraft was shot, in

in consequence of his having received a kick from a mare, by which his leg was broken. A little time previous to this misfortune, Mr. Day had been offered 670 guineas for him.

A TROTTING match took place on Monday, the 7th instant, between two mares, belonging to Mr. Betts, of Pinchbeck, and Mr. Hardy, baker, of Spalding. Each rode his own nag, and started from the toll-bar in Skirbeck-quarter, for the toll-bar in Pinchbeck-lane, Spalding. Mr. Betts arrived an hour before his opponent: but owing to some dispute arising between the parties, the wager at present remains undecided. Mr. B. performed the journey (fifteen miles) in one hour and about ten minutes. Mr. H. stopped at Pinchbeck.

ON Tuesday, the 8th instant, two tradesmen of Cheltenham laid a wager of twenty guineas which of them would go and return from Oxford to that place, on their own horses, in the shortest period. The one was a poney, twelve hands high, the rider ten stone three quarters. The other a stout horse, fifteen hands high, the rider sixteen stone. The poney took the lead after the first mile, and its rider lost sight of his adversary till he arrived at the Star Inn, Oxford, where they again met. They started on the return at full speed, whereby the horse got a head, but, after a short distance, was repassed by the poney, which then kept the lead till he arrived at Cheltenham, apparently in good spirits, in nine hours and a half from the time of his departure, a distance of nearly eighty miles. The horse was only able to proceed about six miles on his return, where he halted for the night. A great price has since been offered, but refused for the poney.

LORD F. B. was the first at the winning-post, for the Gold Medal, on Saturday, the 12th instant, at Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone. His Lordship retired, for the second time, with the annual honours of the Club, from having killed forty, of sixty pigeons; though the shooting this year was very inferior to that of the former season.

ON Tuesday, the 25th ult. the annual meeting of the members of the Benevolent Whip, was held at the Peacock, Islington, Mr. John Merchant, in the chair. After the cloth was removed, "the King," "the Prince Regent," "the Queen and Royal Family;" "success to the Benevolent Whip," "the Wheels," with many other loyal and appropriate toasts, were given. —The evening passed with the greatest conviviality; the company separated at an early hour, perfectly satisfied with the pleasures of the day, and the judicious arrangements of the worthy chairman, whose attention to each individual, called forth unanimous thanks.—Mr. Emery, of Covent-Garden, with that urbanity for which he is so distinguished, honoured the society with his company, and contributed most essentially to their harmony.

CRICKETING.—On Tuesday, the 1st of June, a grand match of cricket was played on Drayton Moor, by twenty-two gentlemen of West Drayton, married and single, for thirty guineas a side, which

which was won by the latter by one wicket.

The cricket match at Lord's Ground, between the Mary-le-bone and Mitcham Clubs, was decided on Thursday, the 17th instant, in favour of Mitcham. The odds at starting were five to four on the Mary-le-bone, but at the end of the first innings, five and six to four on the Mitcham.—The innings were as follow :—

	1st innings.
Mitcham	124
	125
	1st innings.
Mary-le-bone........	63
	74

Mitcham won by 112 runs.

A party of young gentlemen in Louth have lately formed a society for playing at the noble game of cricket; and on the 4th inst. they held their first meeting, in commemoration of the King's birth-day, and played several games with the greatest adroitness. They have since been exercising themselves, and bid fair to be equal to the first players in England. The Yorkshire and Leicestershire players may hold themselves in readiness for a challenge, which is expected to be sent to them shortly.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Tuesday, the 15th instant, a foot race took place in Hyde Park, at seven o'clock in the morning, between Capt. Barclay and an Officer of the 7th Dragoons.—They were to run two miles for a wager of one hundred guineas. They started at the beginning of the Promenade, and ran from thence to Kensington gardens and back again. Captain Barclay was beat by the distance of one hundred yards. His antagonist was only eleven minutes running the two miles. They were both much fatigued, and Captain Barclay so much so, that he threw himself on a bed in the cottage, at the Weigh-house, near Hyde-Park Gate, where he reposed.

On Monday, the 7th instant, in the afternoon, a vast concourse of spectators, several thousands in number, assembled on the Heath at Wakefield, Yorkshire, to witness the performance of Wood, the pedestrian, who was matched to run twenty miles in two hours and fifteen minutes. Wood appeared upon the ground about twenty minutes past three o'clock, and stripped for the race, which he performed in a light jacket and short trowsers, scarcely reaching to the knee, his arms, legs, and feet, being naked. He started with great speed, but by degrees slackened his pace as he went on. He however accomplished the distance in two hours eleven minutes and a half, three minutes and a half within the stipulated time. He appeared quite fresh when he came in, and we hear is already nearly recovered from his fatigue.

On Friday, the 11th inst. Robert Ellerby, a labourer, at Wold Newton, in the East-Riding of Yorkshire, was matched to run the distance of fifteen miles in one hour and forty-five minutes, and was allowed to take four separate starts; but the whole was to be done in the space of five hours. It was run by him as under:—

The first Five Miles—Run in thirty-five minutes and thirty seconds. He then stopped one hour and thirty minutes.

Second Five Miles—Thirty-three minutes and thirty seconds. Stopped forty-five minutes.

Third Start—He then ran three miles and three quarters, in twenty-five minutes and forty-two seconds.

The

The heat and the crowd becoming very oppressive to him, he stopped one minute and twelve seconds for refreshment, and then ran the concluding mile and a quarter in nine minutes and forty-eight seconds, winning his match by one minute and eleven seconds. He ran very strong through the whole of the distance, and in a very neat manner. Mr. Henry Boynton was kind enough to give him directions as to his time of performing the distance. A subscription was made for him amongst the gentlemen.

On Saturday, the 19th instant, a young man, in the employ of a respectable hop-factor in the Borough of Southwark, undertook to run ten miles in one hour. The ground chosen for this arduous attempt was on the lower road leading to Deptford. He started at six o'clock, going one mile out and one mile in, and had nearly performed two-thirds of his task, when he lost one of his shoes, notwithstanding which he continued his journey, and though his foot was much lacerated with the gravel, yet he completed the undertaking three minutes within the time allowed him.

On Monday, the 14th instant, a foot race was run on Scarbrough Sands, by Harry Atkinson, the noted Yorkshire pedestrian, and Knaggs, of Sherburn, four miles for one hundred guineas, which was easily won by the former, in twenty-one minutes and seventeen seconds; betting in favour of Knaggs on making the match, six to four. Atkinson was trained under the noted Thomas Yeoman, of Hackness, and Knaggs under the noted Beal, the pedestrian. On this race hundreds of pounds were won and lost: it is supposed 10,000 people were present. It is said that Atkinson has challenged Beal, who is esteemed the first runner in England, to run eight miles for 1000l.

——— Barnes undertook this month, for a wager of 5l. to go on foot from Shoreditch to Waltham-Cross, Essex, and back again, a distance of twenty-two miles, in two hours and a half, which he completed six minutes within the time.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, Lieutenant W. an officer of the Wilts Militia, at present quartered in Glasgow, started, for a considerable wager, to walk eighty miles in twenty-four hours.—He performed this arduous task two hours and a quarter within the time specified, and walking the last five miles in fifty-five minutes. The spectators appeared peculiarly interested for his success, but this did not prevent a great deal of betting, and upwards of 1,000l. were pending on the match. Lieutenant W. is a young man about nineteen years of age, square made, and not exceeding five feet six inches in height. His style of walking was the admiration of all beholders, and he slipt over the ground with all apparent ease.

Mr. Edward Millen, of Bethersden, in Kent, is engaged, for a wager of two hundred guineas, to go one hundred miles in twenty-one successive hours, on Moulsey Hurst, some time in July next, the precise day to be nominated by himself.

Foot Race.—A publican of no ordinary size, being about eighteen stone weight, undertook on Monday, the 7th inst. to run a mile in ten minutes, for a wager of two guineas; one of the conditions of the race was, that he should have his hands tied behind him. At the appointed time he started from the turnpike on the Edgware road to go

go to the two-mile stone. He had not long set off, however, before a wag cut the ligaments of his *small-clothes*, which becoming thus perfectly *easy*, soon fell in a *romantic* position over his heels, thus completely thwarting his activity, as he could not use his hands to remove the obstruction. In defiance of this incumbrance, however, he pursued his march, but was forced to *give in*, ere he had performed half his task. He was attended by a numerous list of *amateurs*.

GULLEY, the *ci-devant* celebrated pugilist, is elevated so high, from the *sod* of boxing, on the *turf* of Newmarket, as to have become one of the principal betters on the most distinguishing racing courses. By a recent exposition of his betting-book at Tattersall's, it appeared that he lost 1200 guineas by the fatal pistol of the unfortunate Mr. Brograve!

AN American Paper contains the following paragraph:—A Mr. Chambers of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, has invented a gun with but one barrel, and not larger than common guns, which will, by a single operation on the trigger, discharge six or eight loads in succession, with time enough between each to take new aim. This must be a wonderful gun indeed!

GAMING was invented by the Lydians when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. It is added, that to bear their calamity the better, they used to play a whole day without intermission, that they might be disgusted with the thoughts of food! The invention, intended as a remedy for hunger, is now a very common cause of it.

IT is a curious fact, and we believe not generally known, that in France, during the rage against monarchy, after the decapitation of the unfortunate Louis XVI. the chess players actually changed the names of the two chief pieces, the King and Queen, calling them "La Nation," the Nation—and "La Liberte," Liberty.

THE concourse of people assembled this month, to commemorate the anniversary of Morice-town Fair and Revels, Devon, was immensely great; at a moderate calculation, there were upwards of twenty thousand spectators of various classes. The rivalry so long existing between the athletic heroes of Devon and Cornwall, was here brought into action, in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on both parties. After various turns and struggles, the noted Jordan, Perrot, Wadling, the Woodmans, and other Devonians of the gymnastic art, were reluctantly obliged to see the laurels shared by the sturdy Cornish boys, Roberts and the two Truscotts.—A miller, called Skinner, while viewing the amusements at Morice-town, fell down, and instantly expired.

PUGILISM.—On Monday, the 14th instant, the amateurs of the fist mustered at Willsdon, Middlesex, to see a battle betwixt Lancaster, who beat Martin at Rickmansworth, and Frere, who made a tolerable stand against the late Power some time since. The battle was for a 25l. subscription purse; and at two o'clock they set-to—Jones and J. Clark, seconds to Lancaster; and Oliver, the

the gardener, with a *student*, seconded Frere. In the first round there was some brisk fighting. In two rallies Frere received a smart hit in the mouth, which bled freely; but Lancaster was down at the end of the round, partly by a blow and a slip. Good brisk fighting was renewed in four following rounds, with reciprocity of advantage: for, although Frere made some good right-handed hits, Lancaster had most *science;* and, in availing himself of it, the head of his antagonist received his left hand often; but his best effort was with the right, at the body. The men shewed bad condition early in the fight; and it was dull, until near the end, when Lancaster partially recovered, went in, and beat his man in three rounds. Frere generally hit first; but he did not appear to clench his fist in the punishing form. A terrible battle had been anticipated, but it fell short of expectation.

On Monday, the 31st ult. a well-contested and most bloody battle was fought on Port Meadow, near Oxford, by James Cox and Thomas Beasley, when, after a severe conflict of fifty rounds, which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, Cox was proclaimed the victor, his antagonist being unable to come up in time; after which a considerable collection was made by the company, to reward the pugilists for their bravery.

Tuesday, the 22d instant, a pitched battle was fought between two young men of the names of Webb, a butcher, and Ainsley, a carpenter, for five guineas a side, in a field at the back of the London Hospital, Whitechapel road. The combatants set to with great courage, strength, and some science. After a contest of thirty-six minutes, Ainsley received a blow from his antagonist, which laid him upon the ground, and being unable to rise, the former was declared victor.

A fight took place in Tottenham Court Road, on Saturday, the 22d instant, about half-past eight, between a hackney-coachman and a noted bruiser of the name of Hunt. The combatants had come from a public-house in the neighbourhood, to decide the dispute, which originated in the "Whip" having insulted "the inmates of the Tavern," as Hunt was pleased to call the workmen at the public-house, who were at breakfast. After some words, without bottle-holders or seconds, the combatants set to, and it was a sharp engagement for about eight or ten minutes, when it terminated in favour of Hunt, who, with very little skill, conquered his adversary by a shower of blows. The "Whip" lost three of his fore teeth, got his nose broken, and was carried off the ground perfectly senseless.

A pugilistic Amateur Club of seventy members, at an annual five guineas each, has been formed, to reward pugilists, defray subscription purses, &c. Amongst these milling patrons are many distinguished characters.

Molineaux, the Black, is bringing forward a promising twelve-stone countryman, to fight Oliver, the gardener, now estimated first on the list of the present race.

A match is also on hand betwixt Dutch Sam and Newton, a ten-stone man of the Bristol school.

On Monday, the 7th instant, a celebrated pugilist undertook to fight a *well-bred bull-dog*, belonging to the late *much-lamented Slender Billy*. The *rencontre* took

place

place in St. George's-fields, and many of the *fancy* attended. The *biped* was provided with sparring gloves, with which, at first, he successfully kept his adversary at bay; but at length old *Towzer* becoming impatient at resistance, and anxious to whet his fangs in the flesh of the *Cribbite*, made a dart, passed the guard of his foe, and seized him by the thigh. This unexpected close damped the ardour of the pugilist, and induced him to *give in*, to the no small delight of a numerous group of *puppies*, who stood around.

Funeral of Power.—Monday, the 7th instant, the remains of this noted pugilist were escorted from Fetter-lane, his place of residence, to St. Giles's Church in the Fields, by a numerous assemblage of his Hibernian countrymen, &c. The funeral procession arrived at the place of interment at six o'clock in the evening, and the usual ceremony being performed, amidst a strong sensation of grief and attachment for the deceased, the body was buried. On the coffin was inscribed his age—twenty-two years, nine months, and twenty-six days. Power's death took place on Wednesday, the 2d instant, and not on Thursday, the 26th ult. as generally stated.

Sparring.—On Tuesday, the 22d instant, there was a benefit at the Fives Court, St. Martin's-lane, but it was very thinly attended. There were no pugilists present to afford a match, most of them being engaged in sparring about the country—a much easier and more lucrative mode than engaging in combat. Alexanders, the game-keeper, who beat Ford, made his appearance in the Court, having just arrived from the country, and challenged to fight any body, but he expressed himself particularly inclined to engage with Carter, if the latter should be prevailed upon to accept it, instead of sparring, which the *Cognoscenti* much doubt. Dutch Sam also challenged all the world, within 22 pounds of his weight.

The breeding season, both for partridges and pheasants, is stated to have been the finest throughout Norfolk, that has been known for many years past.

A few days ago, three white hares were found in a field of Mr. Wm. Maw's, of Hackness, near Scarborough, about one month old.

A wild duck's nest was found on the top bough of a lofty tree, at Stapleford, Cheshire, this month. There were nine eggs in it.

An extraordinary circumstance took place at Blandford, Dorset, a few days since. A cat belonging to a poor person, came into the house, and put down from her mouth a young partridge; she then quitted the room, and soon brought in another, and so continued till she had brought into the house nine, all alive and well. One of them is since dead; the rest are placed under a hen, who takes as much care of them as if they were her own offspring.

Lusus Naturæ.—A mare, belonging to Mr. Green, of Woodton, in Norfolk, dropped a foal this month which had five legs. The additional one is behind; growing from the haunch, and perfect,

perfect, except that there is but one joint to the hock.

A SERPENT, of a species supposed by Bryan Edwards, in his History of Barbadoes, to have been extinct for more than 100 years, was lately found on that Island; it was 12 feet long, and two feet in girth, and had killed several head of cattle, by enfolding its body round their throat, and suffocating them; it displayed extraordinary sagacity, in eluding search, never choosing a hiding place which had not several openings remote from each other, and from whence it usually escaped. Its powers of mobility were incredible, distancing the swiftest dogs, and clearing at a bound a space of 14 feet. Many of the negroes, from the sagacity, swiftness, and courage, displayed by the animal, considered it as animated by an evil spirit, and began to regard it with veneration; it was killed in the act of bringing forth its young, eight miles from the spot where it was first seen, and where it had suffocated a heifer.

ON Monday, the 31st ult. a hare, pursued by four dogs, took refuge in the meeting-house of Badyeaston, during the time of divine service, ran between a man's legs who was standing in the aisle, and lay down in a seat, the door of which happened to be open, where she continued about fifty minutes; the dogs were driven off. When intermission of worship took place, poor puss, who was heavy with young, was taken prisoner, and given to one of the elders, who instantly restored her to liberty.

ON Friday, the 14th ult. an animal, much resembling a badger, of considerable size, measuring in length above three feet, was discovered and killed in the Grammar School yard of this place, by the young gentlemen attending the seminary. As the yard is surrounded by a high wall, and there appears no subterraneous inlet, some surprise has been excited how such a visitant could have found its way there; and the circumstance will appear not the less strange when it is considered that but few of the species to which it seems to belong are to be found in this part of the country, and Mr. Polito has declared it has at no time been an inmate of his. It is evident, therefore, that this animal, respecting which there are various opinions, must have come from a distance; but the history of his travels we leave to others better acquainted with him.—(*Boston Paper.*)

ABOUT a month since a man having thrown his working jacket across the beam of an out-house, in a tan-yard at Millbrook, shortly after noticed a little busy wren carrying moss to it: on examining the garment, he found the bird had built her nest in the inside pocket, where she had laid her eggs, on which she sat several days; till at length, being overlooked by so many visitors, she became alarmed, and forsook her nest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be happy to receive the future communications of L. F. D. He will excuse the liberty taken with the article transmitted us this month—but its prolixity made a liberal application of the pruning knife really essential.

A CONSTANT READER must surely have been dreaming when he imagined an Enquiry respecting Church Livings a fit subject for insertion in the *Sporting Magazine.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. SKEFFINGTON'S NEW DRAMA OF

LOSE NO TIME.

WRITTEN BY MR. PEACOCK.

SINCE thus the day my favourite swain has carried,
And we have lost no time in getting married,
Resolved to throw the country lass aside,
To town I come, a young and modish bride,
Mid balls and routs, and fashion's splendid strife,
To be new-born, and introduc'd to life.
This is my opening party: how refulgent!
My guests all welcome, and, I trust, indulgent;
As well disposed to me as I to them,
More prone to praise and pardon, than condemn.

Kept down, so long, snubb'd, catechis'd, and cross'd,
Sure all my time, as yet, has been time lost.
Say, shall I learn, in this more genial clime,
The happy art of never losing time?
A common phrase in life's fantastic scenes:
Yet where is he can tell me what it means?

The Cit, who plods in one perpetual train,
Thinks time all lost that is not given to gain.
The Bard, whom most the Italian maids appprove,
Thought time all lost that was not given to love.
If I misconstrue not those eyes of blue,
That blooming, blushing damsel thinks so too.

WILL WHIRLER never had an hour to spare,
Was here at once, and there, and every where;
Flying from place to place, with ardour dizzy,
In doing nothing most extremely busy:
The life and soul of twenty thousand places,
Balls, card-rooms, taverns, theatres, and races:
To lose no time, for ever on the wing,
He lost time, fortune, health, and every thing.
NAPOLEON lost no time, but feared and fled,
When snows engulph'd the dying and the dead.
So by those tribes, that from their hills of frost
Drove the fell tyrant, may no time be lost,
Till o'er his crest, in dust and ruin hurl'd,
Proud Freedom hail the emancipated world.

Time's not so swift, but man can swifter move,
As BARCLAY's match against him tends to prove.
To call *him* mighty were more idle still,
Whom fiddlesticks can *beat*, and coxcombs *kill*,

Yet

Yet Time will rise, though killed and trodden down,
With twenty mortal murders on his crown.
Even now our Author shrinks in pale affright,
Lest such a ghost should haunt his dreams to-night.
Your hands alone can set his heart at ease;
With plaudits greet his humble aim to please,
And clear his conscience from the fearful crime,
Of having either lost or murdered time.

IRISH JOLLITY.

OCH! by St. Patrick, my friend has come back again,
This is the time for our frolics and jigs;
Now that I see thee, my Terence O'Whack again,
We will get drunk and be merry as grigs.

Out wid the fiddles, the pipes, and the tabors,
Wid' their sweet noise let the welkin resound;
Here are health and success to our sweethearts and neighbours,
And all the young damsels for fifty miles round.

Come young, and come old, here's enough to content ye O!
Maids who want husbands, and men who want wives;
Here are lads all so brisk, pretty lasses in plenty O!
We sure may be frisky for once in our lives.

Och! by my conscience, my spirits are in a glee,
Bob, goes my heart all so airy and light;
Sure as my name's little Dermot O'Shinnaghly!
Care shall go home wid' the cholic to night.

Fill me a bumper, dear Judy you shall again!
Here's health to our land, and her beauties so rare!
None o' your blarney, my Teddy Fitzgrallaghan,
Och! you're the darling of Donnybrook fair.

Shelah, my sweetheart! come give me a smack again,
Dermot, my honey! return me the kiss,—
Give me thy hand, my friend Terence O'Whack again,
Was there ever a moment so happy as this!

ANTICIPATING EPITAPH,

On the late Capt. D—nv—rs, well known and highly estimated in the Corps of Royal Marines, and with a numerous circle of acquaintance, for his extraordinary wit, good humour, and conviviality; written by the Surgeon who sailed with him in the Belleisle some years since.

HERE rests from reflection, consign'd back to clay,
A true son of pleasure, Dan Danvers the gay;
Whose life was a round of glee, frolick, and fun,
At all things he ventur'd, for all things he run:
A Conjurer, Poet, Jew, Taylor, or Player,
Where *humour* was started, be sure he was there.
The fav'rite of Wit, she unbosom'd her store,
And often the table he set in a roar.
Oft Learning would boast she to Dan was allied,
And Science beheld him with rapture and pride,
While Honour would call, as she smiling look'd down,
" You may talk what you will, he's a sprig of my own:"
Yet Pleasure, we grant, was the goddess he woo'd,
And steady thro' life he her shadow pursued,
While she, as the rest of her slaves she rewards,
In his youth gave him mirth, for his age furnish'd cards.
A magical charm she affix'd to his wrist,
And the band was inscrib'd with the letters of Whist:

This

This charm the delight of his senses became,
And sickness itself was o'ercome by a game:
But a Sharper, who knew still more tricks than poor Dan,
In league with another concerted a plan
Which with all his finessing he could not withstand,
And he died, as he liv'd, with his Honours in hand:
Yet so strong was his passion, it sleeps with his clay;
And you'll find, when he wakes in the last *busy* day,
When his neighbours around are bestirring their stumps,
The first thing he'll ask will be, "pray what is Trumps?"

THE QUALITIES OF A WIFE.

IF you marry a wife,—she's the plague of your life,
And your days are all spent in tormenting and strife;
If young, or if old, she's a slut, or a scold,
Too stiff and too prudish, too forward and bold.

If old, she is crabbed, from nature or habit,
If young, why, egad she will breed like a rabbit;
If wise, she'll exhort ye, if rich, she will thwart ye,
And spend thrice as much, as her ladyship brought ye.

If pretty, why then she's ador'd by the men,
And you're cuckolded over, and over again;
If ugly, good luck! and a hump on her back,
She must walk through the world, with her head in a sack.

If tall, or if squat—if a saint, or a sot,
If buxom young maidens, if widows, or wives,
If fat, or if lean, from a drab, to a queen,
Still woman is ever the plague of our lives.

EPITAPH ON A RECTOR.*

By the Author of Crazy Tales, written several years ago.

HE whom no house, no haunt could hold,
Wand'ring like wolves from fold to fold,
Who made each house, each hill, each dale,
Both an asylum and a jail,
Laid by the heels, and caught at last,
Is here confined in durance fast;
By land for ever on the hoof,
By water, always water-proof.
Jockey, groom, sailor, first of jokers,
And legislator amongst smokers,
Like Moses, wrapt in clouds of smoke,
He laid down laws to hearts of oak;
A sportsman keen by land and water,
Yet never took delight in slaughter;
A fisher, like the Pope of fish,
Who never caught one single dish.
Tender to game of every sort,
He shed no harmless blood in sport;
No plaintive widow of the wood,
Mourn'd for her mate or infant brood.
———— most deserving,
Not for destroying, but preserving,
Not more renown'd for song or pipe,
Than for a powerful fist and gripe:
He set the spoiler in the stocks,
And fell'd the poacher like an ox.
Chief of the music of the steeple,
A poet amongst tuneful people;
A scribe that never miss'd a mail,
Whose letters flew as thick as hail,
That like the sybil's leaves in air,
He threw at random every where;
All his pursuits were much the same,

* The late Rev. Robert Lascelles, Rector of High Middleton, near Barnard-Castle, and Vicar of Gilling, Richmond, Yorkshire. Mr. L. was one of the Northumberland Confederacy, and one of the twelve members of the Old Yorkshire House at Newmarket; and was allowed by all ranks of sportsmen, at that period, to be a first-rate judge of breeding and selecting horses for the turf. He attended the meetings regularly till 1783, after which he chiefly resided at Gilling, where he enjoyed his favourite amusements of coursing and hunting, till a week previous to his death, which took place in November, 1801, in the 84th year of his age, to the great regret of his numerous friends of the first respectability, and his parishioners, by whom he was greatly beloved, and lamented for his kindness.

Much

Much expectation and no game;
Like Father Time, for ever moving,
Never improv'd, always improving.
All mortals that are made of clay,
Proceed exactly on his way,
As anxious children waiting stand,
Then slily creep, with salt in hand,
To catch hedge-sparrows, larks, or quails,
If they can lay salt on their tails.
Even so our measures, schemes, and cares,
Are oft as weak and vain as theirs.
Amongst us all, alas! how few,
Have skill to catch what they pursue.

MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

I HAE seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
Mony lairds and fine ladies, a' cover'd wi bras;
At feasts made for princes, wi princes I've been,
Where the grand shine of splendour has dazzled my een:
But a sight sae delightfu', I tru' I ne'er spied,
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fire-side.
My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
O cheerye's the blink o' my ain fire-side!

Once mair, Gude be thank'd, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wac or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad;
Nae faulsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer:
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fire-side.
My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
O Happiness sits by my ain fire-side.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearth stane,
My heart loups sae light, I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out of sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night;
I hear but ken'd voices, ken'd faces I see,
And mark saft affection glint fond frae ilk' ee:
Nae pluckings of flatt'ry, nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fire-side.
My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
O there's nought to compare wi ane's own fire-side!

THE ROSE AND THE AMARANTH.

A FABLE.

By Sir Brook Boothby, Bart.

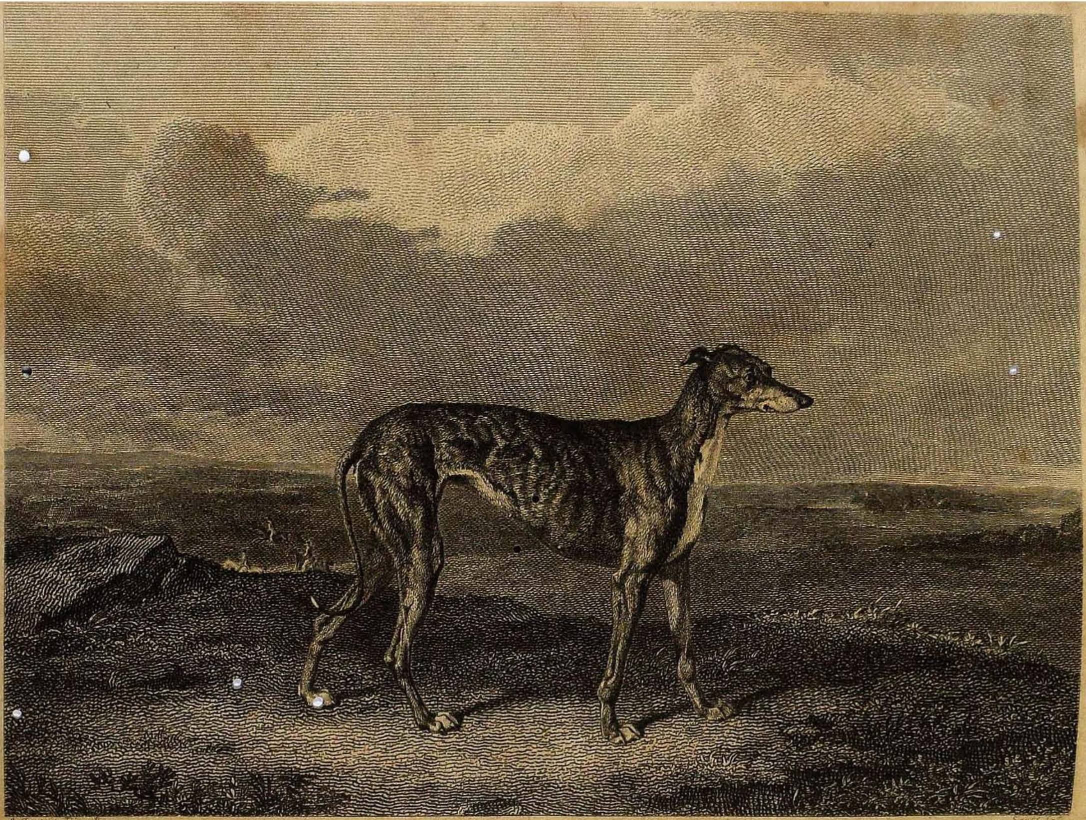
A ROSE, in youth and beauty's pride,
Grew by a modest Amaranth's side.
So fair a form, and tints so bright,
All stopt to gaze at with delight,
And stood enchanted to enhale,
The fragrance of the passing gale.
"Neighbour," she blushing said, "you see,
None go without observing me;
While I perceive that very few
Seem any note to take of you."

"Sweet Rose," the Amaranth replies,
"No Flower with thee in beauty vies.
Far be such vanity from me,
Whose only boast is constancy.
Not obvious to the vulgar eye,
My humble merits deeper lie;
Less exquisite, they longer last;
Unchang'd, alas, when thine are past."
Love is the rose-bud of an hour;
Friendship the everlasting flower.

LINES

Addressed to a Married Lady.

YOU say you've a string that will quickly bring home
The man of your heart, should he venture to roam;
Yet remember all strings are expos'd to mishap,
Those of harmony, pull'd up too tightly, will snap;
But, believe me, I doubt not your power, or skill,
To attach and retain, and to mould to your will:
The force of good humour and beauty I know,
And the wife that has these, has two strings to her bow.



A. Cooper Pinx.t Scott Sc.

FLY